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RAIL ROAD EXPLORATIONS.

Very few of our readers, perhaps, are aware of the extensive and thorough explorations undertaken by the Government in those vast, unknown regions lying on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. After Congress has passed the bill for the appropriation necessary, the public lose sight of the matter; and the reports, when made, are allowed to sleep in undisturbed forgetfulness. And yet those reports are full of valuable information on many subjects of great importance; on the geological formations, on the new and remarkable aspects of nature in the rivers, the plains, the forests, and mountains; on the animal life, and the strange plants brought to the notice of naturalists. It is to be regretted that this information is brought before the people in government publications, which are rarely examined by any but men of science. For we are all interested in knowing something accurately of the great continent we inhabit and rule; and these unknown wildernesses are to become States of our Confederacy at no very distant day.

One of the latest of these Reports is now before us: the "Report of Explorations in California for rail road routes, to connect with routes near the 35th and 32d parallels of north latitude, by Lieut. R. S. Williamson, topographical engineers."

These explorations were ordered by act of Congress, passed March 3d, 1853; under which it was determined to organize a party to operate in California, to survey and explore the country lying west of the lower Colorado, and a route connecting that portion of California with the Pacific Ocean.

The party, consisting of Lieuts. Williamson, Parke and Anderson; Dr. A. L. Heermann, naturalist; Mr. J. W. Smith, civil engineer; Mr. C. Koppel, assistant engineer; Mr. Preuss, draughtsman, and Mr. W. P. Blake, geologist, assembled at Benicia on the 10th July, 1853.

Benicia is situated on the straits of Carquines, through which the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers flow into the bay of San Francisco and the Pacific. From these straits the range of the Coast moun-

tains stretches to the south through the whole length of the peninsula of Lower California.

Due east of Benicia, at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, is the range of the Sierra Nevada, which gradually approaches the coast towards the south, until, in lat. $35^{\circ} 20'$ N. it is joined with the Coast range.

To the east of the Sierra Nevada lies the little-known country, called the "Great Basin;" a name derived from the fact, that all the streams known to exist in it are soon lost in the desert. To gain some correct ideas in regard to this wild region was one great object of the expedition.

After leaving Benicia, the first point to which the officers directed their attention was Livermore's pass, the road usually traveled across the Sierra, to the head of San Francisco bay. The entrance of this pass was found to be four hundred and eighty-one feet above the sea, and its summit six hundred and eighty-six feet, while the altitude of the eastern base of the hills was but eighty-nine feet.

This pass is, therefore, practicable, with a grade of sixty feet on the west, and of eighty-seven feet on the east.

Having crossed the Sierra, the party entered the San Joaquin valley, from twenty-five to thirty miles wide, and then overflowed by the river. Unable to cross the river, they proceeded to the south-east, about twenty-seven miles, to the river Tuolumne, and encamped on its bank. This river, like all in the San Joaquin valley, was fringed with trees; the high waters, in spring time, flow around these, and so form many side-channels, which would render permanent bridges difficult of construction. Good points for crossing are easily to be found.

The next valley is the Tulare. The first part of their march to this valley was across a dry, barren plain, without water or shelter; and the thermometer was at 115° Fahrenheit in the shade. This was on the 30th July. The next day they came to the delta of the Kah-wée-ya—a fertile spot in that arid plain, and rapidly filling up with American settlers. Beyond this, they continued for seventy miles in a south-east direction, near the base of the mountains, and came to their dépôt camp, at Ocoya creek, on the 16th of August.

Lieut. Williamson's plan was to go with a small party to Walker's pass, and, after having examined it from base to base, to return to the summit of the Sierra, and thence follow, as closely as possible, the water-shed, or "back-bone" of the mountains, until he reached the point where the Sierra and coast range unite. By this means he would see every depression in the chain; and also gain a good knowledge of the general character of the Sierra, and be able to select the best places for minute survey.

On the 10th of August, Lieut. Williamson, with Lieut. Parke, and eight of his party, started for the passes in the mountains. Their course followed the Ocoya creek in a direction a little north of east. To the south and south-west was the valley of the Kern river, and to avoid the ravine through which that river passes higher up, they kept the ridge of the mountains. They encamped at an altitude of nearly five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The next day they forded the Kern river, and encamped in a valley four or five miles beyond it. This valley, like all in that region, was covered with grass, but the soil, apparently, very poor. Seventeen miles further, they reached the outlet of the pass, nowhere less

than a quarter of a mile wide, and with a very gradual ascent and descent. The mountains on either side are granite, and very rough and precipitous.

At this place they met a number of Indians, who fled, at first, but soon returned to the camp. They seemed to be engaged in collecting a sort of bulrush, that grows in those regions, and produces a kind of sugar on its leaves. The cane, itself, has no sweet taste.

The belt of unbroken ground was found to extend along the base of the mountains, as far as could be seen; but, though so far favourable for a road, the steepness of the ascent through the *whole* length of the pass was found to make a rail road impracticable. For the first six and a half miles, the grade required would be two hundred and seventy-two feet per mile; for one and a half miles, to the summit, four hundred and twenty-eight feet per mile; and the descent from the summit to the base, eight and a quarter miles, at two hundred and sixty-five feet per mile. Passes better suited to a road were subsequently found. Lieut. Williamson was able to satisfy himself that his was the first real exploration of this pass, hitherto supposed an excellent one. Having completed this examination, it was necessary to retrace their steps about thirteen miles, in order to turn the mountains to the south, which were too rough to be crossed. On their way they found a large party of Indians collecting the bulrushes. The next depression in the chain they found to be about six miles from Walker's pass, and not even so good as that pass. From this place, their trail led over a series of spurs thrown out from the main ridge. On one of these they were at an altitude of five thousand five hundred feet, and had on their right a peak between two thousand

and three thousand feet above them. From this ridge a continuous march of eight miles led them into a beautiful prairie, apparently surrounded by mountains, and a perfectly even plain, about ten miles long, and three or four in breadth. Here they encamped at an Indian rancharia, and were overtaken by a thunder-storm. This was on the 17th of August, and they had no other shower of rain until late in November. The creek, flowing through this prairie, is the one named Pass creek, by Col. Frémont. Lieut. Williamson followed it to the south, until it emerged from the mountains, a distance of fifteen and a half miles, with an average descent of one hundred and fifty-seven feet. From the camp, looking to south-east, the hills, which they took for the main ridge of the Sierra Nevada, appeared quite low, and exhibited several depressions. Examining in this direction, they first found a gap nearly east of the camp, presenting steep slopes on both sides; and, continuing to the north, they found a break in the hills, at a distance of one mile, through which the waters of the eastern end of the prairie discharge themselves into the basin; so that, in fact, the water-shed of the Sierra was in the prairie itself, and the range of hills, mistaken for the main ridge, was only a spur. There was the continuous bed of a stream, now dry, reaching into the basin, and the bases of the hills on either side, were a quarter of a mile apart. The descent, for the first six miles, was at less than eighty-six feet to the mile, and, further down, it was more gradual. The height of the summit was four thousand and twenty feet, and the lowest point of the Sierra that was found. Altogether, the position and grades of this pass are more favourable than any to be found in the Sierra.

On the 21st of August, they broke up their camp, and marched to the Tejon; a name given to the extreme southern portion of the Tulare valley, lying immediately at the base of the mountains. The trail they followed led, for ten miles, through a succession of prairies, similar to, but smaller than, the one they had left. The western extremity of the last of these prairies was only two hundred and forty feet lower than the water-shed of the Sierra, and the descent to the Tejon not quite five miles.

The Tejon is really a beautiful place. It receives many small streams, all of which sink soon after leaving the mountains; but, the ground, being freshened by their waters, produces fine groves of oak, with abundance of grass, and forms a striking contrast to the parched and barren plain north of it. The Indians inhabiting the place are semi-civilized; many of them speak Spanish; and they cultivate melons, pumpkins and corn.

Near the eastern extremity of the Tejon is a break in the mountains, known as the Tejon pass. A wagon-road, leading to Los Angeles, passes through this opening, and appeared to Lieut. Williamson one of the worst roads he had ever seen. It had been described as excellent.

Having ascertained, almost certainly, that there were no other passes south of Walker's, Lieut. Williamson returned to the camp on the Ocoya creek, which he reached on the 29th of August. On the 1st of September, they broke up camp, and marched to the Kern river, which they crossed, and then directed their course straight across the plain to the Tejon. Encamping there, Lieut. Parke was detached to examine the country, in the direction of Los Angeles, and the other officers began, on the 5th of September, their survey of the Te-

jon. This occupied them thirteen days, and the results were as follows: from the dépôt camp to the point where Tejon creek emerged from the mountains, was a distance of two and eight tenths miles, over ground that seemed to the eye almost horizontal, but which the level showed to have a grade of one hundred and seventy-three feet to the mile; a striking instance of the very erroneous impressions derived from an examination by the eye alone. From the entrance of the pass, to the precipitous ascent of the mountains, was found to be a distance of eleven and four-tenths miles, with an average grade of two hundred and thirty-four feet. From this point, going eastward, there is an ascending grade of twenty-two thousand and seven feet to the mile; and from the crest of the Sierra to a point on the eastern slope, where the descent becomes more uniform, is a descending grade of seven hundred and twenty-eight feet. The horizontal distance between these two points is 1.15 mile, which distance it would be necessary to tunnel.

From this point to the place where they ceased levelling, in the Great Basin, is a distance of 6.4 miles, at an average grade of two hundred and five feet to the mile; the eastern terminus of the line was three thousand three hundred and eighty-eight feet above the sea, and on the edge of the Great Basin. From this the ground appears unbroken, to the bed of a large lake, twenty-five miles distant, and one thousand feet lower. This lake is fed by the drainage of the mountains after heavy rains, and may be considered the lowest point of this basin—one of the many small basins, which, collectively, compose the vast tract known as the Great Basin.

The grades in the Tejon pass were much greater than had been

anticipated, and, owing to the nature of the ridges, it is not possible to reduce them by side-cuttings. For the sides of the mountains are furrowed, everywhere, by deep ravines, which descend to the valley of the pass.

Fifteen miles to the west of the Tejon is another pass, known as the Cañada de las Uvas. The line of survey for this pass may be said to go around the end of the Sierra Nevada; for the pass is immediately at the junction of the Sierra with the Coast range, as before described. The ridges of the latter curve around the southern edge of the Tulare valley, into which this pass conducts. After entering the pass, Lt. Williamson ascended a stream, flowing from the pass into the Tejon. In the ravine of this stream the bases of the mountains approach closely, leaving but a narrow valley, but, further on, the valley expands to a width of from half a mile to three-quarters of a mile.

The ascent is moderate, until near the summit, where it grows more abrupt. Descending on the other side, waters are found flowing into the Santa Clara river, which empties into the Pacific.

From a short distance beyond the summit to the Great Basin, the valley of the pass is wide, and bounded by low hills.

From the western entrance of the pass to the sources of the stream above mentioned, a distance of five miles and a quarter, the grades average three hundred and two feet to the mile. From the sources to near the summit, the average grades are one hundred and twenty-one feet; while to the summit there is, for half a mile, an ascent of three hundred and thirty-nine feet per mile; and descending a grade, for three-quarters of a mile, of four hundred and forty-one feet per mile.

The main difficulty in this pass is

the very steep grade in the bed of the stream. The hills on either side are so much cut up by ravines, as to prevent recourse to side-cuttings.

Of all the passes, it appears, then, that the one explored over the watershed of the Sierra, is decidedly the most favourable to be found in the whole range.

On the 5th of October, the party returned to the dépôt camp, where they found Lieut. Parke already returned. He had visited a pass in the coast range, east of Los Angeles, and before noticed, which presented a very favourable appearance.

The next point to be ascertained, was the most practicable route to the mouth of the Gila river. The direction of the mouth from the passes already examined is south-east, and the intermediate country had been described as a desert. Rumours of parties having attempted to cross it, and never having been heard of, were very frequent, but no one could be found who, personally, knew the country. To examine this region, and the passes in the coast range, Lieut. Williamson determined to go out into the basin until he arrived mid-way between the Sierra and the Mohave river, which was to the south of east, and then returning, strike to the mountains.

In pursuance of this plan, Lieut. Stoneman was despatched through the Cañada de las Uvas, to follow the base of the coast range, and encamp near the pass of San Francisco.

Lieut. Parke was sent to the north, in the Sierra, to obtain information to complete the general map of the passes; and Lieut. Williamson started to examine the basin. From the summit of the Sierra, he obtained a good, general idea of the formation of the country to the east and south-east.

From the base of the Coast range, northward, is a belt of undulating land, fifteen to twenty miles wide, and unbroken by peaks. North of this belt is a system of isolated peaks and short ridges, known as lost mountains, and which, as they extend north and east, become worthy of the name of mountain ranges. These ranges often include extensive areas, destitute of peaks; and in the lowest part, where the water accumulates after heavy rains, is a lake-bed, without water in the dry season.

Going through the Tejon pass, Lieut. Williamson took his course for the nearest of the lost mountains, distant from the Sierra about ten miles. Here he found several small springs, and, continuing eastward, found springs at every few miles along the bases of the hills. Subsequently, following the same course from the Mohave river, he found the same characteristics, except that no more springs were discovered. Independent of the lost hills, the country is a succession of inclined plains; on which the grades often average one hundred feet to the mile. After going eastward thirty miles, Lieut. Williamson turned back, and joined Lt. Stoneman, in camp, at San Francisquito pass.

This pass, on examination, was found very difficult for rail road purposes. The grade was four hundred and fifty-seven feet for one mile, and over three hundred and thirty feet for two miles.

Returning to camp from this survey, they ascended a high mountain near by, found by aneroid measurement to be six thousand feet high. From the summit the view was very extended. To the west, the valley of the Santa Clara spread out, appearing almost a plain. On the north of the valley was the Coast range; on the south, a branch

range from the coast, known as the Susannah. On the north-west was the Sierra, and on the north-east the Great Basin. They descended on the opposite side of the mountain, and returned to camp by going around the southern base. By doing this, they reached, in an open spot, a branch of the Santa Clara river. Following this to its source, they found the depression in the mountains very low, and the pass open and, apparently, of gentle ascent. This pass they named New pass, and found it, on subsequent survey, to be of the following character:

The survey began at a point in the Great Basin, eight miles from the water-shed of the range. To within a mile and a third of the crest, the grades were below fifty feet; then, half a mile at two hundred and eighteen feet, and four-fifths of a mile at two hundred and forty feet. These can easily be reduced by excavation, or by widening to gain distance. On the descent from the crest, the grade is seventy-seven feet for one and eight-tenths miles; three and two-third miles at one hundred and five feet; and all the rest of the descent far below eighty feet per mile.

From this camp, they marched to the Mohave river. The road was difficult, the country being filled with yucca trees and thick bushes. They reached the river, October 19th.

Ascending the peaks in the neighbourhood of the river, the country seemed to them so impracticable, that there remained no choice but to follow the river, until some available point to leave it, in a south-east direction, should offer. Lieut. Parke ascended the river to seek for such a point; Lieut. Williamson descended it for the same purpose.

After descending for twenty-four

miles, the course of the river being no longer discernible, one of two courses remained: to follow the old wagon-road, or to choose an opening more to the south. The road was selected, but, after traveling twelve miles, it was discovered that the river flowed through a cañon or ravine in the intermediate hills.

Starting early the next morning, Lieut. Williamson went in the direction of a high peak in a ridge ahead, which seemed to terminate the opening. But this was found to be a mere spur; and the next day Lieut. Williamson ascended the peak. From the summit he saw mountains and hills on every side; but to the south, 25° east, the hills seemed to be lower, white like sand hills, and about twenty miles distant. They were in about the same direction from the camp as the mouth of the Gila, distant one hundred and seventy-five miles.

Returning from the peak to the camp, he found, about midway, a singular, isolated hill of three hundred feet in height. It was composed of very black, volcanic rock, and its form was a very symmetrical, truncated cone, surrounded at the base by a circular, horizontal bed of the same rock. This bed was between two and three miles in diameter, its edges well marked, and rising from two to six feet above the plain. Altogether, it was a remarkable object, and singularly like a volcanic crater.

The next day, Lieut. Williamson moved up the river, to a point he had selected, from which to go out into the basin, to connect with the line of exploration he had already made from the Tejon into the basin. This exploration from the Mohave river he continued until he was perfectly satisfied that the nature of the country was similar to that lying near the Tejon pass; he then returned to camp.

Lieut. Parke returned the same day, and reported the mountains near the source of the Mohave as exceedingly rugged. It was, therefore, clearly impracticable to cross the mountains east of the coast range, near the head of the Mohave river. Equally impracticable, it seemed, to move in a direct south-east course, towards the mouth of the Gila. The hills and mountains, which obstructed their passage, must, therefore, be turned, either on the west or the east. The party was, therefore, divided. Lieutenant Parke, with one division, was to cross the coast range, turn the headwaters of the Mohave river, and keep along the eastern base of the coast range, till he reached Warner's camp. The other division would descend the Mohave to its junction with the Colorado, and descend that river to the mouth of the Gila.

On the 8th of November, the two parties started. Lieut. Williamson found the cañon, through which the Mohave flowed, to be about seven miles long. The river is about one hundred feet in width, and clay bluffs rise along the banks to more than one hundred feet in height. These are vertical, and in many places, the surface has the form of Gothic castles, from the action of the water upon it. The tints of the clay are of every variety of shade and colour: purple, pink, blue, yellow, &c. Emerging from the cañon, they entered on a sandy plain, and lost all signs of the river bed. This plain was nearly thirty miles wide, with an abundant growth of mezquite trees. An opening appeared to the south-east, which was supposed to be the outlet of the Mohave; but, on going in that direction, they found the bed of the plain continually *ascending*. Convinced that they had left the river, they returned to camp;

and observing a large lake-bed to the north, they set out to examine it. They found it to be about fifteen miles long, and covered with an incrustation of salt, exceedingly bitter. Not satisfied as to their position, they marched to a range of high mountains, about twenty miles to the east. From the summit of one of these they discovered, to the east, nothing but mountains; to the north of the salt lake several other lake-beds; while the view to the south was also obstructed by mountains.

They concluded, therefore, that if the Mohave flowed beyond the salt lake, it could only flow to the lake-beds, and that they must proceed in that direction, though directly contrary to the way they wished to go.

They started on the 16th of November, by moonlight, and traveled to the extremity of the salt lake, and thence to the next one. They found the two connected by a ditch, cut by water in the clay soil, and about twenty feet wide, with banks two feet high. The character of this second lake, which was about six miles long and three broad, was entirely different from that of the first. It was a dry, hard, clay bed, on which the shoes of the mules made hardly any impression; while the other was covered with salt, and, in many places, too soft to be traveled over. On arriving at the north end of the lake, they found a very low ridge of hills, without any passage through it. The gullies on the sides of the hills showed that the rain flowed towards the lake; and the conclusion was forced upon them that the Mohave sank in the salt lake, and that the second lake had been formed by the rains; and that in times of high water in the salt lake, its surplus waters flowed into the other lake through the ditch before mentioned.

Crossing the ridge, they descend-

ed into a valley two hundred feet lower than the bed of the lake. After traveling four or five miles, they came suddenly upon a wagon-road; and this they knew could be no other than the old Spanish trail. The Mohave river of the maps is, therefore, a fiction. The valley, through which this trail passes, is about thirty miles long, extending northward, and bounded on all sides by mountains.

They were now above one hundred miles in a direct line from the Colorado, with a mountainous country between, and neither wood, water nor grass, that they knew of. The attempt to reach that river would have been madness, and they therefore made their way back. On the 29th of November, they joined Lieut. Parke, at Warner's rancho, near Agua Caliente.

Lieut. Parke, it will be recollected, had marched on the 8th of November, to cross the Coast range. His first stopping-place was at the Mormon settlement of San Bernardino, near the mountain of that name, the highest in the Coast range. South-east of this mountain is the peak called San Gorgonio. These two mountains approach each other at the base, and the pass between is called the pass of San Gorgonio, and is one of the lowest in the Coast range, being but twenty-eight hundred feet above the sea. Lieut. Parke began his survey on the Santa Ana river, two miles from the Mormon settlement. The line followed a dry branch of that river, and passing the water-shed, descended another stream, almost dry, to the desert.

The grades in this pass were found very uniform. After ascending six and a quarter miles, at a grade of forty-five feet, there are eighteen and one-quarter miles to the crest, at an average grade of seventy-eight feet. Descending from

the crest, there are twenty-eight miles at an average of sixty-nine feet. This is decidedly the best pass in the Coast range.

Having gained the eastern base of the mountains, Lieut. Parke continued along the base until he reached the wagon-road leading to fort Yuma. The land was evidently below the level of the sea, and he was traveling, therefore, in what had been either the bed of a lake, or the head of the gulf of California. Water was obtained near the surface by digging; a distinct water-line was visible on the rocks, and the barometer gave a depression below the sea-level of nearly one hundred feet.

From San Bernardino a mountain range extends, like most of the mountains in this region, in a south-easterly direction, nearly, if not quite, to the Colorado. Nothing is known of the country between these mountains and the mountains on the Mohave; and it is believed that no white man has ever penetrated it. It would be a very difficult country to explore, on account of the absence of water; for there is in this region but one rain during the year, which falls in August.

The country included between the mountains above-mentioned, the Coast range and the Colorado river, is known as the Colorado desert. It is level, and mostly destitute of vegetation.

There yet remained to be examined the passes in the Coast range, leading into San Diego, and the desert beyond the mountains.

But two passes were known to exist: Warner's and Jacum; which latter was supposed to be partly in Mexican territory.

In Warner's pass a creek rises and flows towards the Pacific. Lt. Parke was directed to follow this creek to its termination, then re-

turn to San Diego, and, if the Jacum pass was favourably spoken of, to proceed to its examination.

Lieut. Williamson directed his march through the desert to fort Yuma, and expected to return to San Diego at about the same time as Lieut. Parke.

From the entrance of Warner's pass to the summit of the Coast is but five miles; and ten miles farther on is the little valley of San Felipe. The drainage of this valley is through a narrow rocky cañon, with precipitous mountains on either side.

This being impracticable for a wagon-road, the trail is led over a collateral crest, four hundred feet above San Felipe, and is brought to the head of another creek; it then follows this creek to the desert, continually descending, with the exception of half a mile, where it crosses a hill to avoid a cañon.

From the entrance to within two and one-quarter miles of the summit, the grades are easy; thence for one and one-quarter miles the grade is two hundred and fifteen feet, and for one mile two hundred and eighty feet. Descending from the crest, the grade is at three hundred and thirty-three feet for one and one-third miles, and at one hundred and forty feet for four miles. To connect the point where the ascending grade of two hundred and eighty feet commences with that where the descending grade of three hundred and thirty feet ends, would require a tunnel two and a half miles long. Having thus arrived at San Felipe, a road might be made through the cañon above described with immense labour and expense.

The distance from the outlet of Warner's pass to Algodones, the point where the road first strikes the Colorado river, is eighty and one-half miles. The whole of this

is almost perfectly level, and offers no obstacle to rail road making. The main difficulty is in the barren nature of the country and the want of water. The desert may be considered the least obstacle in the way of a rail road route in California.

The Jacum pass was found, on examination, to be entirely impracticable; the mountains are high and rugged, and it was impossible to travel anywhere but on the beaten trail.

If a road were constructed from the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Gila, and it were required to continue that road to the Pacific, the direction it must follow is at once apparent.

It must go in a nearly straight line to the San Gorgonio pass; through that pass to the San Bernardino valley; thence to San Pedro, or some point in its vicinity on the coast. But San Pedro has no harbour; in fact, the only good harbours on the California coast are those of San Diego and San Francisco.

To reach San Francisco, the road must still go through the San Bernardino valley, and thence along the coast, or it must re-cross the coast range, cross the Sierra Nevada, and enter the Tulare valley. To reach San Diego, the road must go through the San Gorgonio pass, and along the coast, turning the mountainous country which lies to the south.

The geological portion of the Report, which was not completed until April, 1857, is exceedingly interesting and curious. It may readily be conceived how favourable a field was presented to the geologist in a country so mountainous and broken, and presenting, in some places, almost vertical sections of the hills. The number and variety of mineral products is very great: in the

Sierra Nevada are found ores of gold, silver, copper and platina; cinnabar of rich quality, and many of the precious stones. The signs of volcanic action are very frequent throughout the whole region: porphyry, and other volcanic rocks are constantly met with. The air outline of the mountains is described as singularly sharp and beautiful; a peculiarity, no doubt, owing to the exceedingly dry atmosphere.

On the vast plains lying between the ranges of mountains, the effects of the mirage are often observable. On one of the dry lake-beds some observations were made, worthy the attention of the geologists. Very peculiar marks, like the tracks of animals, were seen traced on the clayey surface; they consisted of little depressions, recurring at regular intervals, and some of them appeared as if caused by the drawing of some light body over the surface, while it was moist and yielding. It was some time before their origin could be ascertained. They had been produced by the branches of trees and by shrubs driven before the wind, the projecting limbs or knots of which had left regular marks in their rapid rotation. If such trails were covered by a fresh deposition of clay, and should afterwards come to light by the splitting of the layers, they would, very possibly, be regarded as the tracks of some animal.

One especial object of attention to the geologist of the expedition was, to ascertain the possibility of obtaining a supply of water in the arid regions, by means of artesian wells.

The presumptions are strongly in favour of the probability of such a supply. It was found that the strata of clay underlie the slopes of the mountains, and occupy the hollows and basin-shaped depressions between the lost mountains, both to

the north and to the south of the Mohave river. These clayey strata, no doubt, alternate with beds of sand and gravel, and subterranean waters may flow between them, or at the bottom of the whole series, next to the underlying granite. As a general rule, the shape of the surface corresponds with that of the subjacent granite.

We can do no more than indicate the highly interesting character of this publication. The infor-

mation given us as to the practicability of the rail road to the Pacific—that enterprise which may be called *the* great problem of our people—is of the highest importance and value.

The public mind is rapidly becoming reconciled to the necessity and urgency of the work; and the more the difficulties in the way of its execution are investigated, the more they prove to be but temporary.

BY THE RIVER.

How sweet to rest beneath these arching vines,
By this still river, while the sunset bathes
Earth, air, and water in a flood of glory!
How sweet to feel the golden calm come down
Even as a heavenly angel on our souls,
Touched by a rapture far too deep for words,
The rapture of divine and perfect peace!
How sweet to list the voice of gentle gales,
Gentle and loving—woo the virgin stream,
Flushed with a tender passion that leaps up
In quick, bright, tremulous wavelets of desire,
And then swoons off in sighing: sweet, indeed!
But not so sweet as thy soft hand in mine,
So tender as thy silence, by mild eyes
Interpreted; nor yet so sweet and glad
As this fond hope thou giv'st me, when I feel
The pulses of thy little fluttering bosom,
Wherefrom thy heart, winged by the might of Love,
Would fly its old nest, like a bird in Spring,
To mate with mine through lengths of summer hours!

THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE: AN EPISODE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

Grim visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front,
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.—RICHARD III.

CHAPTER I.

I was a traveler, then, upon the moor,
 I saw the hare that raced about with
 joy,
 I heard the woods and distant waters
 roar,
 Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;
 The pleasant season did my heart employ;
 My old remembrances went from me
 wholly,
 And all the ways of men so vain and
 melancholy.—Wordsworth.

Gentle Reader: Wherever you may be, in bodily presence, when you cast your eyes on this page, let it for a few hours transport your complying spirit to a remote region and a by-gone day. We may alter names without injury to our story; but every real character, or event, has its own time, place and accidents; to tear it from them is like transplanting a tree from its native spot; it must be trimmed and pruned, and robbed of its due proportions and its natural grace.

Here, then, on this lovely day, near the end of the year 1812, you are in Alemtejo—the largest, poorest, and, in every sense, worse peopled province of Portugal. As its name implies, you are, as to Lisbon, beyond the Tagus. Hasten eastward over this sandy, arid plain, covered with a forest of stunted seapines, through whose tops the west wind glides with monotonous and melancholy moans, fit music for the wilderness around you. Nor need you loiter on this desolate moor, scantily carpeted with heaths of different kinds and varying hues. The drowsy tinkling of the cow-bell

amidst yonder brushwood, the goats sportively clambering over that ledge of rocks, and those distant dusky spots upon the downs, which may be sheep, tell you that all life has not left the land. You may, perchance, on your journey, see a goatherd or a shepherd here or there; by rarer chance, you may meet some way-farer like yourself, but as likely a robber as an honest man; and may find shelter, at least, in one of the few and comfortless *vendas*, the wretched inns the route affords.

You need not pause to gaze on many a wild scene, some beautiful, and even here and there, a fertile spot; nor loiter in this provincial town—rich, perhaps, in Moorish ruins, but in nothing else—but hasten onwards till you reach that elevated point, where the road, one hundred miles from Lisbon, winds over the ridge of yonder hill. The chilly night winds of the peninsula have gone to sleep. Here, even in mid-winter, the sun at this hour shoots down scorching rays upon your head. Seat yourself by the road-side, on this ledge of slate-rock, at the foot of the cork oak, which so invitingly spreads out its sheltering arms. Here, while you take breath, cast your eyes around you.

You are no longer in the midst of broken, desolate wastes. To the south-west rises the Serra d'Ossa—its sides clothed with evergreen oaks, and a dense growth of underbrush sheltering the wolf and the

wild boar, while the northern slope of its rocky ridge is thatched with snow. Before you is spread out the valley of the Guadiana. Sloping downwards towards the mighty stream, lie pasture, grove and field, gaily mingled together. There, to the east, sits Elvas, on a lofty hill, whose sides are covered with vineyards, oliveyards and orchards, and just north of it, on a yet loftier peak, with a deep narrow valley lying between them, stands the crowning castle of La Lippe, the strongest fortress in Portugal. Far beyond, but plainly seen through the clear atmosphere of the peninsula, now doubly transparent since it has been purified by the heavy rains which here usher in the winter, rises the blue mountain of Albuquerque, far away in Spanish Estremadura. Whichever way you look, Sierras, nearer, or more distant, tower above the horizon, or fringe its utmost verge.

Among these scenes of nature's handiwork, a production of human art demands your attention. See, on your right, the beginning of the ancient aqueduct, reared by Moorish hands, which leads the pure mountain stream for three miles across the valley to the city seated on the hill. Here, the masonry is but a foot or two above the ground; below, the road will lead you under its three tiers of arches, with the water gliding an hundred feet above your head.

But here comes a native of this region to enliven, if not adorn, the landscape. This lean, swarthy young fellow, under his *sombrero* with ample brim, exhibits a fair specimen of the peasants of Alemtejo. His sheep-skin jacket hangs loosely from his shoulders, and between his nether garment and his clumsy shoes, he displays the greater part of a pair of sinewy legs, which would be brown, were they not

so well powdered with the slate dust of the rocky road he travels. With a long goad he urges on the panting beasts, yoked to the rudest of all vehicles—the bullock cart of Portugal. Its low wheels, made of solid wooden blocks, are fastened to the axle-tree, which turns with them, and at every step squeaks out complaining notes under the burden of a cask of the muddy and little prized wine of the province, which is seeking a market at Elvas.

The carter is now overtaken by a peasant girl, who, with basket on her arm, has been gathering chestnuts and *bolotas* in the wood. They are no strangers to each other, and she exchanges her brisk, elastic step, for a pace better suited to that of the toiling oxen. The beauty of this dusky belle consists of a smiling mouth, bright black eyes, and youth and health. Though fond of gaudy colours, she is not over-dressed. A light handkerchief rather binds her raven hair than covers her head. Her bright blue petticoat, scanty in length, and her orange-coloured spencer, open in front, both well worn, and showing here and there a rent, but half conceal the graces of her form, and a pair of nimble feet, dispensing the trammels of leather, pick their way skillfully along the stony path. That she does not condemn ornament, is shown by her one small golden earring, long since divorced from its mate, and the devout faith which glows in her bosom is symbolized by the little silver image of our lady, slung from her neck by a silken cord, spun by her own silk worms, and twisted by her own hands. In short, she is neither beautiful, nor noble, nor rich; yet her company seems instantly to smooth the road and lighten the toils of travel to her swain. He helps himself, unasked, out of her basket, and urges her to partake of

the stores of his leathern wallet—hard goat's cheese—and the crumbling loaf of broa or maize bread. Soon in deep and sweet conference, in their crabbed, but expressive tongue, he forgets to make occasional use of his goad, and thus keeping pace with the loitering bullocks, they go leisurely along. Let them pass on, and wait for better game.

Turn and look at this cavalcade toiling up towards you. A sudden bend in the road has brought it into view, and its aspect, half native, half foreign—its mixed civil and military character—attracts attention. Two mounted orderlies, in a British uniform, lead the way, and are followed by a clumsy Lisbon coach, every part of it well laden with luggage. It is drawn by four noble mules, such as are seldom seen out of the peninsula, deserving more stylish postillions than those who, in ragged jackets, greasy leathern breeches and huge jack boots, are urging them on. Two men sit at ease on the coach box. One, a tall young fellow, looks at a distance like a field-officer in a flashy uniform, but is only an English footman in a gaudy livery, who needs the training of a London winter or two, in a fashionable household, to make him a flunky of the first water. The other, an old man, with a severe countenance, is plainly dressed, but, with a less brilliant exterior, has a more respectable air than his companion. He, too, is the man in authority as, from time to time, he directs the party and urges them on in somewhat impatient tones.

If you are familiar with the country and the times, you may imagine that some British general officer has been so long in the peninsula, that he has adopted the style and equipage of Cuesta, and some other Spanish leaders, and fallen

into their habits of slow and dignified motion. You will think it high time for him to be sent home, that some one less luxurious and stately, but more alert and energetic, may fill his place. One look into the coach will undeceive you. Its chief occupant is a lady, whose years do not exceed nineteen; and she is evidently no native of Alemtejo, nor of Portugal; and might have been sent out hither as a specimen of what a more northern country can occasionally produce. While she looks out with deep, yet lively interest on the scenery before and around her, you naturally gaze with deeper interest only upon her. Her companion is her maid, some years older than herself, who might be worth looking at, were her mistress out of the way.

One of the orderlies, turning in his saddle, now points out the city to the old man, who, in turn, leans over to the coach window, and calls out, "My lady, there is Elvas!"

"And my father is in Elvas!" She leans eagerly out of the window; but the front of the clumsy vehicle obstructs the view, and she calls out, "Stop the coach, Moodie, and let me out. I will not go one step further until I have taken a good look at Elvas."

The old man testily orders a halt. The footman opens the door, and the lady springs lightly out, followed by her maid. Neglecting all other objects in sight, she gazes long and eagerly at the city seated on the hill. The interest she shows is no longer merely that of observant curiosity, but is prompted by the gushing affections of the heart. In Elvas, besides much new and strange, there is something known and loved.

She now begins to question the orderlies as to the exact spot where her father has quartered himself; but the old man interrupts her:

"You have traveled a long way, my lady, to get to Elvas, but you will never reach it while you stand looking at it and spering about it."

"Very true, old Wisdom. How comes it that you are always in the right? Let us push on now, and in an hour," she exclaims, stepping into the coach, "I will see my father, for the first time since I was fourteen."

The coach moves on, but too slowly for her. Leaning out of the window, and surveying the road, she calls out gaily, "our road lies down hill, Moodie, and they tell me that mules are so sure-footed that they never stumble. Pray buy or borrow that long goad from the young gentleman in the sheep skin jacket. By skillful use of it you might mend our pace, and bring us soon to Elvas."

We will leave this impatient lady to hasten on to Elvas, whether expedited or not by the use of the goad, to inquire the occasion of her journey thither.

For five years the peninsula has been one battle field, and the present has been one of unceasing activity to the British troops. Beginning the year by suddenly crossing the frontier and investing Ciudad Rodrigo, they had taken it by storm in January, while the French were preparing to relieve it.

Equally unexpectedly crossing the Tagus and the Guadiana, they had sat down before the strong fortress of Badajoz, and to save a few precious days, in which Soult and Marmont might have united their hosts to its rescue, they, in April, took it in a bloody assault; buying immediate possession at the price of more than a thousand precious lives. No sooner had the disappointed Marshals withdrawn their armies to less exhausted regions, than the forts of Almarez were surprised in May, and the direct route of communication between them cut off.

The British army then invaded Spain on the side of the kingdom of Leon: the forts of Salamanca fell before them in June, and in July the battle of Salamanca crushed the French force in that quarter, and opened the road to Madrid to the British, who, driving thence the intrusive king, acquired the control of all Central Spain. But, at length, in October, the castle of Burgos defied their utmost efforts, unaided by a siege train. The French hosts from north, south and east, abandoning rich provinces and strong fortresses they had held for years, gathered around them in overwhelming numbers; and slowly, reluctantly, and with many a stubborn halt, the English general retraced his steps towards Portugal. The prostrated strength of both armies put an end to the campaign. The French gave up the pursuit, being too hungry to march further, or to fight any more; and the discipline and appetites of the British soldiers were indicated, on their march through the forests bordering the Huebra, by the fusilade opened on the herds of swine, which were fattening on the acorns there. For a moment their commander thought himself surprised, and that the country, for miles around, was the scene of one wide-spread skirmish with the foe. Even hanging a few of his men did not put a stop to the disorder. Late in November the troops were permitted to pause for rest, in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, with their energies prostrated, and their discipline relaxed through the sieges and battles, the continual marches, the exposure and the want of a campaign so long and arduous as this. Strange it seemed to them, after going so far, and doing and suffering so much, that they should end the campaign where they had begun it. Yet they had done much:

wrenching the larger and richer half of Spain out of the grasp of the French, and changing their possession of the country to a mere invasion of it.

Such toils need long rest. Privations and sufferings like theirs should be repaid by no scanty measure of plenty and enjoyment. The troops went into winter quarters chiefly between the Douro and the Tagus; but, as an army in the country is always in danger of starvation, a brigade was sent over into Alemtejo, at once, to make themselves comfortable, and to facilitate getting up supplies from a province which now had something in it: as for four years the French had been kept out of it.

Accordingly, it was absolutely refreshing to see the liberal provision made for the almost insatiable wants of this brigade—for among them our story lies. They proved themselves good soldiers, to a man, in their zeal to refresh and strengthen themselves against the next campaign, by enjoying, to the full, every good thing within their reach. The officers, especially, ransacked the country for every commodity that could promote enjoyment; and what Alemtejo could not furnish, Lisbon and London must provide. Nothing was too costly for their purses, no place too distant for their search. Doubtless, the veterans of the greatest of all great captains were permitted for a time to run a free and joyous career in Capua; and this brigade, besides having a little corner of Portugal to themselves, somewhat out of sight of the commander-in-chief and of Sir Rowland Hill, enjoyed the further advantage of being led by a good soldier in the field, and a free-liver in garrison and camp, who looked upon his men in winter quarters, after a hard campaign, somewhat in the light of school boys in the holidays, and

was willing to see the lads enjoy themselves freely.

Lord Strathern, a veteran somewhat the worse for wear, had entered the army a cadet of a Scotch family, more noble than rich. At length, the obliging death of a cousin brought him a Scotch peerage, and an estate little adequate to support that dignity. High rank, and a narrow estate, form an inconvenient union; so he stuck to the profession which he loved, and, being a widower, transferred the care of his only child, a daughter, to a sister in Scotland.

Though he had seen little of domestic life, he was an affectionate man. The briskness of the last campaign, and the number of his friends who dropped off in the course of it, strongly reminded him that if he would once again see his daughter, now attaining womanhood, it would be well to lose no time about it. So, one morning, during the retreat from Burgos, after issuing the brigade orders for the day, he penned an order to his sister in Scotland, to send out the young lady, with proper attendants, under the care of the wife of any officer of rank who might be sailing for Lisbon. There she would be within reach, and he might find leisure to visit her.

His sister would have protested against this, had she had an opportunity, but the order of the father, and the affectionate and adventurous spirit of the daughter, at once decided the matter. On her arrival, however, in Lisbon, her father was too busy establishing his brigade in comfortable quarters, to meet her there, and the military horizon giving promise of a quiet winter, he summoned her to join him at Elvas.

The brigade had been, for some weeks, living in clover in their modern Capua, when Lady Mabel

Stewart joined her father. A Portuguese provincial town, with its filthy streets and squalid populace, could be no agreeable place of residence to a British lady. Lord Strathern felt this, and, looking about him, found a large building in the midst of an orchard without the walls of Elvas, and more than half way down the hill. It had been erected by one of the monastic societies of the city, as a place of occasional retirement for pleasure, or devotion, or both. The French had summarily turned them out of it five years before, and so thoroughly

plundered them, at the same time, that they had not since found heart or means to repair and refurnish it. Accordingly, it was a good deal dilapidated. But the refectory and the kitchen took his lordship's eye. The former could dine half the officers of the brigade at a time, and the latter allowed abundant elbow room to cooks and scullions, while preparing the feast. So, here he established the headquarters of his brigade, and here Lady Mabel Stewart made her appearance in the new dignity of womanhood, to preside over his household.

CHAPTER II.

Oh Sovereign beauty, you whose charms
All other charms surpass;
Whose lustre nought can imitate,
Except your looking-glass.

[*Southey, from the Spanish.*]

The arrival of Lady Mabel Stewart was a god-send to the young officers of the brigade. Already the sources of interest afforded by the country, around, began to fail them. Few men can long make a business of mere eating and drinking. Red-legged partridges were getting scarce in that neighbourhood, and boar hunting in the mountain forests was distant, laborious, and, too often, fruitless of game. The scenery of the country, the costume and habits of the people, now familiar to their eyes, palled upon their tastes. They wanted something new to interest them, and were particularly delighted when this novelty came from home. But, above all, the black-haired, dark-eyed daughters of this sunny region grew many shades browner in their eyes. We look not at the daffodils when the lily rears its head. A new and higher order of beauty,

rare even at home, now demanded homage, and it was freely paid.

Lord Strathern, a social and jovial man, had always been a favourite with his subalterns, but now his popularity attained its acme. His open house became headquarters, even more in a social than a military sense. It was a little court, and Lady Mabel played the queen regnant there.

Justly proud of her, her father encouraged this state of things, taking all the attention she attracted as compliments to himself, and the gentlemen displayed great ingenuity in devising various excuses for being in frequent attendance at headquarters, in the service of her ladyship. Lieut. Goring, the best horseman in the — light dragoons, a squadron of which had been sent hither with the brigade, to fatten their emaciated steeds on the barley and maize of Alemtejo, established himself, uninvited, in the post of equerry, and sedulously devoted himself to training the beautiful Andalusian provided for Lady

Mabel's own saddle. Of course, he had to be in attendance when she took the air on horse-back. Major Warren, from a free, heedless sportsman, who followed his game for his own pleasure, became game-keeper, or rather grand huntsman, bound to lay the feathered, furred, and scaly tribes under contribution to supply her table and tempt her delicate appetite. A proud and happy man was he when skill or fortune enabled him to lay the antlered stag or tusked boar at her feet, and expatiate on the incidents of his sylvan campaign. He, of course, must be often invited to partake of the social meal. Captain Cranfield, of the engineers, had just returned from Badajoz, where he had been repairing shattered bastions, and patching up curtains sadly torn by shot and shell. He found Lady Mabel busy renovating, modernizing and adorning the rude and comfortless apartments of her monastic quarters. Immediately his pencil, his professional ingenuity and skill are devoted to her service. He appoints himself architect, upholsterer and improver-general to the household. He designed elegant curtains, with graceful festoons for the misshapen windows, tasteful hangings to conceal bare walls of rough hewn-stone, picturesque screens to hide unsightly corners; and arranged and put them up with as much skill, as if, with a natural genius for it, he had been bred to the business. The commonest materials became rich chintz and costly arras in his hands, mahogany, or rare wood at his bidding. One morning so spent put him on an easier footing with Lady Mabel than a dozen casual meetings; and he quite got the weather gage of both equerry and huntsman, securing frequent and easy intercourse, while advising and assisting her in his inter-menial capacity, whereas

these gentlemen's spheres of official duty lay properly out of doors. But he soon found a dangerous rival to take the wind out of his sails, in the person of Major Lumley, who, possessing great taste and skill in music, accidentally heard Lady Mabel singing in one room while he was conversing with her father in the next. "She has," thought and said the major, "the sweetest voice in the world; and it only needs a little more cultivation to make it heavenly!" Lord Strathern thought so too. The major's instructive talents were put into requisition, and, from private practice, her father led her on, somewhat reluctant, to more public display, and soon the major and herself discoursed exquisite music to the ears of a score of officers, at a musical soirée. If, with the powers she did not acquire the confidence of a *prima donna*, it was not his lordship's fault. Had propriety permitted, he would have brought up the brigade in close columns of divisions, to hear Lady Mabel sing; and he could not help saying to the gentlemen beside him: "I have heard you, young fellows, talk about the nightingale of this southern country, and have even known some of you spend hours in the moonlit grove, listening to their music, but my bird from our foggy climate can out-warble a wood full of them." And no one felt disposed to contradict him.

How many others, irresistibly attracted, sought, each in his own way, to make himself agreeable, we will not undertake to say. Perhaps, Ensign Wade, who, not yet eighteen, had just been rubbing off the school-boy in the last campaign, was the most madly in love with her; unless he was surpassed by little Captain Hatton, who, being but five feet three, had, to the great injury of his marching powers, magnanimously added an extra inch

to his boot heels, that Lady Mabel might not look too much down upon him, when so happy as to stand beside her.

Hers was a curious position for a lady, and, yet, more for one so young. She instinctively looked round for the countenance and support which only female companions could give. But, of the very few ladies with the brigade, Mrs. Col. Colville was at Portalegre, where her husband's regiment was quartered, the wife of Major Grey was shut up with him in his sick room. Mrs. Captain Howe had come out from home less to visit her husband than to cure her rheumatism in the balmy climate of Elvas, and the wife of Captain Ford had just, very injudiciously, presented him with two little Portuguese, who might have made very good Englishmen, had they first seen the light in the right place. If the brigade had suffered heavy loss in the last campaign, the ladies of the brigade were absolutely *hors de combat*, and could not furnish Lady Mabel even a sentinel in the shape of a chaperon. She felt that this was awkward; but, said she to herself, "If there were any impropriety in my situation here, papa would not open his house so freely to the officers of the brigade." For she loved and admired him far too much to doubt his judgment on such a point. Now, Lord Strathern had dined the better part of his life at a regimental mess table; and when promotion at length removed him from that genial sphere, he felt selfish and solitary, if he took his dinner and wine without, at least, a corporal's guard of his brother officers around him. So far from deeming his daughter's arrival a reason for excluding them, she was a strong ally, and a delightful addition to his means of entertaining his friends. So she found herself suddenly the centre of a cir-

cle, composed of gentlemen only, most of them unmarried, young and gay, and admiring her. In short, Lady Mabel was finishing off her education in a very bad school, worse, perhaps, than a Frenchified academy, devoted to the education of the extremities, in the shape of music, dancing and gabbling French, with a dash of mental and moral training in the development of the sickly imaginations of the head and the empty vanities of the heart.

For a time the dilapidated condition of kitchen and refectory restricted the scale of hospitality at headquarters. But Lady Mabel soon completed her reforms of house and household, in which she found old Moodie an able assistant. Captain Cranfield had to bring his labours of love to an end, and Lord Strathern celebrated the event by feasting a large party of his friends.

While the company was assembling, Lady Mabel led a party of the first comers through the apartments, to admire the results of the labour and taste bestowed upon them. Some of the more prying peeped into the kitchen to see what was going on there.

"I am glad to see," said Captain Hatton, "that though this is a monastic house, and the day a fast-day, we shall not have to dine orthodoxically, on *bucathao* and *sardinas*."

"Nor be bored with the long Latin grace," said Major Warren, "which the very walls of the refectory are tired of hearing and not understanding."

"Would rendering it into English reconcile you to its length?" asked Lady Mabel.

"Not in the least. I think nothing so heterodox as a long grace, while soup and fish grow cold."

"I am told," said Lady Mabel, passing into the next apartment, "that this was the prior's own room."

"That is very likely," said Captain Hatton, "from its neighbourhood to the kitchen."

"It is not exactly the apartment," she continued, "which I would design for a lady's withdrawing room. But, if it satisfied the holy father before it was thus improved, it is too good for a heretic like me. I sometimes feel myself a profane intruder here, and, when I call to mind whom this building belongs to, and see so many red-coated gentry stalking at ease through dormitory, refectory and cloisters, I think of rooks who have fled the rookery, before a flock of flamingoes who usurp their place."

"The pious crows," said Captain Hatton, "would forgive our intrusion, did they see the bird of paradise that attracts us hither."

"Put a weight on your fancy, Captain Hatton," said Lady Mabel. "Such another flight and it may pass away altogether. Pray observe the admirable effect of those hangings, with which Captain Cranfield has concealed the dark and narrow passage that leads to the oratory."

Major Warren was provoked at the general admiration of Cranfield's taste and skill, and stung by the repeated thanks with which Lady Mabel repaid his labours, so he endeavoured to turn them into ridicule.

"It is a thousand pities, Cranfield, that these happy designs should perish with their temporary use. Let me beg you to send a sketch of them to Col. Sturgeon, the head of your department. They should be preserved among the draughts and plans of the engineer corps."

Cranfield was about to make angry answer, but Lady Mabel anticipated him by saying: "doubtless, whenever Col. Sturgeon has occasion to turn monkish cloisters into ladies' bowers, it will save him a

world of trouble to avail himself of these designs."

At this moment dinner was announced. Colonel Bradshawe, resolving that his juniors should not have Lady Mabel all to themselves, availed himself of his right of precedence, to hand her into the room, and seated himself at her right hand.

Full thirty guests occupied the space between her father's portly, but martial figure, and her seat at the head of the table; and though, Minerva-like in air and form, she presided there with exquisite grace, she shrunk from this long array, and sought a kind of privacy in devoting her attention, somewhat exclusively, to the senior colonel of the brigade. Knowing how important a matter dining was in his estimation, she soon made a conquest of him, by her judicious care in supplying his wants, tickling his palate, and coinciding in his tastes. She even, for his benefit, called into requisition the unwilling services of old Moodie, who had habitually taken his post behind her, like a sentinel, not troubling himself about the wants of the guests. The colonel might have choked with thirst before he spontaneously handed him a decanter.

Col. Bradshawe having made himself comfortable, next sought to make himself agreeable. "What a delightful contrast between my situation to-day, and this day year, Lady Mabel."

"Where were you then?"

"About this hour we were fording the Aguada, in a snow storm, to invest Ciudad Rodrigo."

"That was somewhat different from our present occupation."

"We soon finished that little piece of work, however, before we had suffered many privations there. But it proved to be but the opening of a campaign, which I began, after

a time, to think would never come to an end."

"And, unhappily," said Lady Mabel, "it did not end quite so prosperously as it promised to do."

"Fortune is a fickle mistress, and fond of showing her character in war," said the colonel. "Sometimes she favors one party with a run of luck, then, shifts suddenly over to the other side. So with individuals, only there she is most apt to work at cross purposes. One pretty fellow deserves to live forever, and gets knocked on the head in the first skirmish—another deserves to rise, and all his good service is overlooked or forgotten—another gets praise and promotion for what he never did, or ought never to have done. Some men have such luck! There is L'Isle, now, who, after being pushed on as fast as money and family interest could shove him; what next happens to him? Why just for blundering into a Spanish village, and being nearly taken with his whole command, he is made a lieutenant-colonel on the spot."

"That is a curious result of such a blunder."

"Curious, but true. This is capital port," interjected the colonel, emptying his glass, "we drank no such stuff as this during the last campaign. I would not disgust you with a detail of our privations; but you must know, Lady Mabel, that during the whole march from Madrid to Burgos, and thence, in retreat, to Ciudad Rodrigo, I never tasted a bottle of wine that deserved the name, except one of *Peralta*, of which I feel bound to make honorable mention. I met with it by great good luck at the posada at Beutrayo; but when I called for another, it was so excellent that the landlord had drank all himself. The stuff we had to drink was made by pouring water on the skins of grapes already pressed. After they

had been well macerated in it, it was allowed to ferment and grow sour, then sold to us at the price of good liquor."

"That accounts," said Lady Mabel, "for the provident care you lately showed, in laying in a stock of better liquor for your winter's use. Is it true that you sent a special agent to Xeres de la Frontera, to select the best sherry for the regimental mess?"

"Not exactly a special agent," said the colonel, disclaiming it with a gentle wave of the hand; "but, finding a trusty person, and a capital judge, going thither, we did charge him with a little commission that way."

"I was sorry to hear of your disappointment," added she, in a commiserating tone, "I am told that he found that the firm of Soult, Victor & Co. had already taken up all the oldest and best wine on credit, that is, without paying for it; and you had to put up with new and inferior brands, or go without any."

"It is but too true," said the colonel, with a sigh, "those rascally Frenchmen had drained the country of everything worth drinking; our agent, very wisely, under the circumstances, made no purchase there, and I am glad of it; for, I have since learned, that the *Amon-tillado*, which had been recommended to us as the dryest of sherry wines, is made from a variety of grapes plucked before they are ripe."

"How lucky," said Lady Mabel, in a congratulatory tone, "that you have since found out that this wine is made of sour grapes."

A faint suspicion that she was laughing at him induced him to change the topic. "You were never abroad before, I believe. This part of the country has some drawbacks, but I think you will find it, during the winter, a very pleasant part of the world."

"We will all endeavour to make it so to you, Lady Mabel," said Major Warren, who, impatient of his superior's monopoly, here tried to edge in a word. But the colonel cut him short with "that's a mere truism, Warren, a self-evident proposition. Let us have nothing more of that sort. One of the peculiarities of this climate, Lady Mabel, is that it has a double spring: one in February and another in April. Then we will see you take your appropriate place in the picture, representing the heyday of youth in the midst of spring and beauty, surrounded by flowers."

She bowed low, in suppressing a laugh at this elaborate compliment, and said, "will spring be so soon upon us?"

"In a fortnight you may gather the same flowers, which at home you must wait for till May."

"Not the same flowers," said she, quickly, "Portugal has a Flora peculiar to itself, embracing very few of our native British plants. I am on my strong ground on this topic, being a pupil of Dr. Graham, who relieves his graver studies, by striving to rival King Solomon in the knowledge of plants, 'from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall.' I am pledged to carry home a vast *hortus siccus* for him."

"Oh! a scientific young lady, perhaps a little of a blue stocking, too," said the colonel to himself. "I must hash up a dish to suit her peculiar taste. Though no botanist," continued he, aloud, "there is one plant that has strongly attracted my attention, and I recommend it to yours; though your *hortus siccus* will hardly contain a fair specimen of it."

"What is that?" said she, on the *qui vive* to hear of some rare plant.

"It is the cork oak," said the colonel, solemnly. "Its rough ex-

terior has led tourists and artists, and even naturalists, to treat it with neglect, while it is daily contributing to the comfort, delight and civilization of the world."

"It may, perhaps," said Lady Mabel, hesitating, "be said to do all that you attribute to it."

"Does it not strike you as passing strange, Lady Mabel, (*apropos* to our subject, pray take a glass of wine with me,) that the Romans, who were, doubtless, a great and a wise people, should have been masters of Spain and Gaul, and of their forests of cork trees for centuries, that these Romans," continued he, growing eloquent on the subject, "who had the tree in their own country, though not, perhaps, in the full perfection of its cortical development, and did apply its bark to a number of useful purposes, including, occasionally, that of stoppers for vessels, should yet never have attained to the systematic use of it in corking their bottles."

"Strange indeed," said Lady Mabel, "it was shutting their eyes against the light of nature; for, we may say, that the obvious, final end of the cork tree is to make corks for bottles."

"A great truth well expressed," said the colonel, "such an oversight has hardly a parallel; unless it be in their invention of printing and never using it. For we see in the baker's name, stamped on the loaves found in Pompeii, and words impressed on other articles, what amounts to stereotype printing; yet they never went on to separate the individual letters, and so become compositors and printers in the usual sense of the art. But they could certainly get on better without printing than without corks."

"Undoubtedly. For the world may—indeed, has—become too full of books; while there is little fear of its becoming too full of bottles;

they get emptied and broken so fast."

"I wonder whether Horace," continued Colonel Bradshawe, with a thoughtful air, "when he opened a jar of Falernian, was obliged to finish it at a sitting, to prevent its growing sour? Wine out of a jar! Think of that. With a wooden or earthen stopper, made tight with pitch. Think of having your wine flavoured with pitch! like the *vino verde* of these Portuguese peasants, out of a pitchy goat-skin sack."

Lady Mabel looked nauseated at the idea, and the colonel swallowed a glass of Madeira, to wash away the pitchy flavour. "Yes," said he, shaking his head gravely, "they must have often felt sadly the want of a cork. How would it be possible to confine champagne (I am sorry this cursed war prevents our getting any,) until it is set free with all its life and perfection of flavour, just at the moment of enjoyment!"

"They had glass, too, and used glass, these Romans, yet persevered in keeping their wine in those abominable jars. It proves how little progress they had made in the beautiful art of glass-blowing; and, of course, (here the colonel took up a decanter of old Madeira, and replenished his glass, after eyeing approvingly the amber-coloured liquor,) they were ignorant that wines that attain perfection by keeping, ripen most speedy in light-coloured bottles."

"Indeed," said Lady Mabel, "I did not know that. But I learn something new from you every moment."

"And that," said he, nodding approvingly at her, "is something worth knowing. I doubt, after all, whether these Romans, with the world at their beck, really knew much of the elegant and refined pleasures of life. Setting aside their gladiatorial shows, and the

custom of chaining the porter by the leg to the door post, that he might not be out of the way when friend or client called on his master, and similar rude habits, there is enough to convict them as a gross people. They put honey in their wine, too! What a proof of childish, or rather, savage taste! Lucullus' monstrous suppers, and Apicius' elaborate feasts, are better to read about than to partake of. Give me, rather, a quiet little dinner of a few, well-chosen dishes and wines, and three or four knowing friends, not given to long stories, but spicy in talk, and I will enjoy myself better than 'the noblest Roman of them all.'"

"But, Col. Bradshawe, how did you become so familiar with Roman manners. Many of us know something of their public life, their wars, conquests, seditions and laws; but you seem to have put aside the curtain, and peered into the house, first floor, garret and cellar."

"You overrate my learning, Lady Mabel; my tastes naturally lead me to inform myself on some points that may seem to be out of the common road. Some people take the liberty of calling me an epicure. I admit it so far as this: I hold it to be our duty to enjoy ourselves wisely and well. Much as I esteem a knowing *bon vivant*, I despise an ignorant glutton, or indiscriminating sot. To know how to make the most of the good things given us, is, at once, a duty and a pleasure. This conviction has led me to heighten what are called our epicurean enjoyments, by investigating the history of cookery, the literature of the vineyard, and other cognate branches of learning."

"You have devised a happy union of intellectual and sensual pleasure, well calculated to heighten both."

"Why were these good things given us," said the colonel, grace-

fully waving his hand over the table, "but that we should ascertain their uses, and apply them accordingly."

"I begin to understand your philosophy, in letting none of the good things of life run to waste, but rather receiving them all in the spirit of thankfulness."

"In those few words you express the essence of my philosophy."

"There may be," continued Lady Mabel, "as much piety, and, certainly more wisdom in frankly enjoying the good things given us, than in despising the world which God made, and rejecting the blessings it teems with, like these self-tormenting ascetics, the monks and friars around us."

"Heaven help your simplicity, Lady Mabel. They only pretend to do so, the hypocrites. Rest assured every one of these fellows is on the sly."

"What! No exceptions. Is it true of every one—

'His eyes are set on Heaven, his heart on earth.'"

"It fits them to a man!" said the

colonel. "Their vocation is securing to themselves the good things of this world, by promising to others the blessings of the next: and as for the friars, true to their motto, *Nihil habentes et omnia possidentes*, they profess to hold no special property, merely that the whole country might be bound to maintain them. They know the value of the good things of this life, and how to enjoy them in a corner."

This was said with a knowing wink. A gradual, but perceptible, change was coming over the colonel's manner, which Lady Mabel did not like. In fact, Lord Strathern had pushed the bottle briskly, though sometimes slighting it himself, as did many of his guests; but Bradshawe made it a point of conscience to take toll every time it passed him. He had, moreover, violated one of his own maxims, in talking incessantly while imbibing his liquor; so she took advantage of the next pause in his conversation to leave the table.

(To be Continued.)

I kiss the very rose she wet,
This morning with her tears, and yet
From me to her it is as far
As from these sands to yonder star:

What is she doing now? I know—
Asleep and dreaming—better so—
O! if she walked the night as I,
The winds would bring me sigh for sigh!

The sea is human in its speech,
What say the billows each to each;
I hear! thy bed is in the deep,
Sad spirit! we can give thee sleep.

MARION.

IV.—THE SCOUT.

Foremôt, a veteran scout beguiles
The time, with tales of forest wiles,
Of Indian fights and border feuds,
A veteran scout, but vigorous still
To track, in pathless solitudes,
Savage, or deer, with matchless skill;
A Pee Dee man, Old Peter Slade,
Amid the pines' unbroken shade,
By Reedy Creek, his cabin stood,
Of logs unhewed and closed with clay,
Around his pale white-headed brood,
And grim old dame, at work or play,
While he, unbought by gold or fame,
To fight his country's battles came
In home-spun hunting shirt arrayed,
And moccasins of buck-skin made,
And coon-skin cap, the brush behind
To guard his neck from cold or wind:
Smoke-dried, he seemed, with dingy spots
From sooty fires of lightwood knots,
Broad-shouldered, wiry, straight and tall,
Ready at race, at wrestler's fall;
His grey eyes twinkled keen and bright,
Like star-eyes in a frosty night;
His ample chest and shaggy head
And sinewy hand and arm were spread
With coarse strong hair of grizzly red,
His throat with beard or whisker fringed,
His lips and teeth tobacco tinged,
Prompt, like a boy, at work or play,
He threw the well worn quid away,
And by the camp fire where he lay,
To younger yeoman gathered round,
Told of the bord'ers bloody strife,
The midnight fire, the captive bound,
The war-whoop and the reeking knife;
Of scalps in savage triumph spread,
From children torn and woman's head;
Strange, stirring tales, an ample store,
Old stories, often heard of yore,
But ever welcome as before.

He told of wars—in martial pride
When Grant his Highland heroes led,
And gallantly, and side by side,

The Briton and Provincial bled;
When promptly at the Chief's command
Young Marion led the foremost band
Against the ambushed Cherokee;

Where hidden in the dark ravine
By Shugaw Town or Etchoeè,

The rifle's flash alone was seen,
While the red warrior grimly stood
Concealed amid the gloomy wood,
And sent his messengers of death
In showers upon the foe beneath:
No bolder heart than Marion's there
Drove the fierce Indian from his lair;
But when the routed braves were driven

To distant fastnesses to fly,
And stern command by Grant was given

To burn and waste—no soldier's eye
Like Marion's saw, with pitying tear,
The wigwam's blaze, the autumn cheer
Destroyed, of maize and ripened bean,
In fields where footprints still were seen
Of little children, wont to stray
Among the tassell'd stalks at play;
Whose mothers now in grief and fear
Saw in the wanton wasting there
Famine and sickness and despair.

You'd not have thought, old Peter said,
His heart so soft, with flashing eye,
And lip compressed and battle cry,
When in the fierce attack he led,
At Dollard's house, or when he stood
At bay, resolved, by Benbow's wood,
To wait and brave the fierce attack
Of Tarleton's legion on his track.

Of arts again that never fail
He told: to strike the Tory's trail
As surely as the hound pursues
The flying buck through tainted dews.
Boasted, how near the British host
He shot the sentry at his post;
Or, hidden in the dark morass,
Counted the numbers as they pass;
Or climbed the tree, or creeping near
In brakes, contrived to see and hear.
Then of the secret march by night,
How foes had trembled at their sight,
When in the Tory camp they came,
Like hunter on his midnight game
That stand with glaring eyes and gaze
Upon the torch's sudden blaze,
Powerless to move until they fall
Beneath the rifle's fatal ball.

As when of late they sought the foe
By Nelson's Ford, from Camden's plain,
Advancing carelessly and slow,
A hundred prisoners in their train;
They feared no more the rebel crew,
A vanquished, scattered, heartless few,
Prompter to fly than to pursue.
But slumbering idly on the way
The noontide of an August day,
They lay, nor dreamed that Marion's men
Were ambushed in the forest glen—
Waked by the sudden shot, the shout,
The wild huzza, the headlong rout.
Stopt all retreat, no succour nigh,
No heart to fight, no way to fly,
Reversed the fortunes of the field,
The captives freed, the captors yield.
How soon the smiles of fortune turn
To frowns, the luckless Britons learn.

A young recruit with eager ears
Drinks in the stirring tale he hears—
Late to the camp the stripling came,
Ardent and emulous of fame—
And where the men released? he cried,
Snatched from the fate they knew so well,
The prison ship, a floating hell,
They surely joined our leader's side,
And eager to wipe out the stain
Of Camden, took the field again?
Not so!—they yielded to despair;
No pay, no stores to tempt them there;
No faith in him whose eye alone
And heart for every want atone;
They sought their homes!—the men you see
Are those who won the victory.

Base churls, the fiery stripling cried,
Unworthy of the patriot's side!
Vile craven spirits that can pause
And falter thus in Freedom's cause.
But what fell next? The maddened foe
Sought vengeance for the daring blow.
Wemys and Tarleton, sent to plan
The ruin of the partisan,
With force and fraud alike essay
To track his steps, to snare his way,
To bar his path—constrained to fly,
Before the tempest forced to bend,
Where Waccamaw's wild sources lie
The scanty troop of yeomen wend
Their weary way—their comrades try
Their scattered homes to see once more,

Yet ready at the signal cry

To seek the forest as before—

And soon it came, a flitting bird,

A whistle in the thicket heard,

A distant horn, a long halloo,

Told there was other work to do,

Vengeance for tears from woman wrung,

For dwellings burnt, for comrades hung,

Like brave Cusack—unheeded there,

And scorned the father's anguished prayer,

The mother kneeled and begged for grace,

They slew the son before her face ;

Their ears and eyes were deaf and blind

To grey hairs streaming in the wind,

To cries and shrieks, with frenzy wild,

Of weeping wife and maddened child.

'Twas this, the friend, the captive slain,

The cry for quarter made in vain ;

This, brought the lion from his den,

This fired the hearts of Marion's men.

Not vainly do the injured wait

For vengeance, with assisting hand

To lure the victim to his fate

Some demon ready seems to stand ;

Bide but your time, the fatal power,

That never mortal step can shun,

Shall bring the inevitable hour

Of vengeance wreaked for injuries done.

Sent by their chief to burn and slay

At Tarcote wood new levies lay,

Born to the soil, but now enrolled

And led by Tynes for British gold.

Nor yet was gold the only cause :

Some loved their ancient lord and laws,

And, in a nobler spirit, fought

For loftier ends, with purer thought,

Not basely by the Briton bought.

By Tarcote wood secure and gay

They spent at ease a roystering day ;

Late from the town with loaded train

Of stores, they sought their homes again,

From danger safe—the dreaded foe

To distant wilds compelled to go,

Or scattered round, an easy prey,

At home, the watchful chief away—

In wassail deep the day is spent,

On wild carouse and revel bent,

They dance and whoop, the night prolong

With cards and dice, with jest and song ;

Some slumbered by the forest side,

Some told their boasted deeds and lied.

The present safe, the future bright,
 Away all thought of ills to-night!
 Drink to the king, and damn the cause
 Of traitors that oppose his laws.
 So shouted Campbell, of the band
 The fiercest heart, the bloodiest hand—
 No need, he cried, with us for care,
 Let Marion's followers think of fear;
 Curse on his cunning, may the rope
 And hangman be his only hope;
 Curse on the ragged rebel crew
 The halter be their portion too;
 Huzza for George!—'twas hardly said,
 A bullet, from the thicket sped,
 Struck in his boast the boaster dead.
 And bursting on the startled ear
 The tramp of horsemen thundered near.
 Up to their feet the revellers sprung,
 Down cup and can and flagon flung;
 Then rose upon the startled ear
 The scream of terror and despair,
 In heaps confused they rush and reel
 Beneath the charger's iron heel,
 The rifle in the darkness flashed,
 Through flying crowds the trooper dashed,
 All thought of battle laid aside,
 Wings to the foe their fear supplied;
 But Tarcote Swamp is deep and drear,
 The night was dark, the refuge near,
 The scattered bands found shelter there.

Off with the dawn of morning light
 The sleepless Chief unwearied flew,
 He never lingered to invite
 Surprise, nor paused if aught to do
 Remained undone—new foes to meet,
 With ready arm and judgment true,
 Again, on coursers sure and fleet.
 He led the stern, determined few;
 Nor night from day their service knew,
 All times alike—attack, retreat,
 Where duty led, their hands anew
 And hearts unworn their toils repeat.
 They kept no road nor beaten path,
 They sought no bridge on passing stream,
 They swam the river in his wrath,
 They came, they vanished, like a dream;
 Unlooked for, like the sudden flash
 Of summer lightning, and their blow,
 Terrific as the thunder crash,
 With fear and wonder struck the foe.
 With them no flaunting pennon waved,
 No cannon lumbering shook the ground,

No clang of trump, when fiercely raved
The battle, flight or onset sound.
But silent, like a sprite, he came,
The rifle's flash proclaimed him near,
He swept along like sudden flame
Through forests in the early year.
In march or charge, in field or flood,
Ford, deeper river, still alone,
He ever led, he spared the blood
Of all, unsparing of his own.
Vain was the Briton's boasted claim
To conquest, vain the blood it cost,
The unconquered soul remains the same,
While that endures no cause is lost;
It yields while foes too strong prevail,
Resumes the conflict as before,
As saplings bend before the gale,
Erect and strong the tempest o'er.

What glorious sport! with flashing eyes
And flushing cheeks, the youth replies.
But tell me of the conflict, when
With twenty picked of Marion's men
With twenty matched, in open field
You forced the enemy to yield.
Which are the gallant men you chose
To meet the challenge of your foes.
Are any here? The one you see
Seated, his rifle on his knee,
Broad-chested like a bull, his hair,
Black, glossy like an autumn bear,
Is one—a stronger heart or hand
Rode never yet in Marion's band.
He, too, who leans on yonder bay,
With hunting shirt and leggings grey,
With folded arms and hunter's eye,
Watching the wild ducks whizzing by,
Straight as a sapling, strong and tall,
And apt alike at harvest ball,
Or feast, or danger's sudden call.
Another by the camp fire stands
Busy among the blazing brands;
Some dainty for his dinner there,
The product of his trap or snare,
Squirrel or rabbit, asks his care;
A raw-boned, iron man, his frame
Nor time can bend, nor labours tame;
No scout like him! by night, by day.
He tracks the deer or foe's way,
No quicker eye, no surer aim,
For battle field or forest game.
Vanderhorst their leader, on they went
To meet the challenge of the foe.

No guests on feast or wedding bent
 With lighter step or spirits go.
 The field at hand, with sudden cheer
 They forward rush, the place is bare,
 The foe is gone, the bird is flown,
 Brave McIlraith has wiser grown ;
 Withdraws his chosen men and flies,
 Rushes from wood to wood, and foils
 By rapid march the hunter's toils,
 And—laurels lost—contented tries,
 In distant garrison to meet
 The triumph of a safe retreat.

V.—THE FLAG.

The story paused, but forward bent
 The listeners, with insatiate ear,
 Sat still unwearied, still intent
 Some other gallant deed to hear ;
 But most the tale of war inflames
 The brother of the veteran James,
 The young recruit, who longed to try
 His skill and strength of arm and eye ;
 For often in the forest near
 His shot had stopped the forest deer,
 And rapid as the flash of light
 Had struck the partridge in her flight.

But silent the old hunter lies,
 And peers around with searching eyes,
 With head half turned, his ready ear
 Had caught the sound of footsteps near ;
 And soon the parted boughs between
 Two scouts of Marion's band are seen,
 Between the two, with bandaged eyes,
 To guard their fastness from surprise,
 In scarlet dress a third appears,
 A flag of truce the Briton bears—
 A flag commissioned to provide
 Exchange of prisoners, and to frame
 Some plan to curb on either side,
 The license that disgraced its name ;
 To crush the base marauding bands
 That stained the nobler soldier's toils.
 The bandit hordes whose felon hands
 With murder reeked and bloody spoils.

With calm, frank air and courteous word.
 The forest warrior met his guest,
 The plans with glad attention heard,
 The wish with earnest warmth exprest
 That something they might do to stay

The license of that bloody day.
Brave hearts with equal honour fraught,
Soldiers alike in word and thought,
Each, in his foe, with ready eyes
A brother seemed to recognise.

The business done, and noonday near,
The parting guest was prest to stay:
Stop, Marion said, my larder share,
'Tis ampler than is wont, to-day;
Whatever be the dish, at least,
You're warmly welcome to the feast.

They sat upon a fallen pine,
It's bark their dish, the simple fare,
Potatoes, and the daintiest wine,
Cool water, from the fountain near.
With wondering face the Briton viewed
The drink, the furniture, the food:
Is this your life? he gravely said,
Is this, alone, your meat and bread?
On food like this will soldiers stay
To watch by night, to fight by day,
And give their blood and lives away?
We fight for freedom, not for pride,
Or wealth, or power, the Chief replied.
The Briton bowed—his manly heart
Was moved—in silence on his way
Thoughtful he went—is mine the part
To fight such men, he said, for pay?
No, never! to his island shore
He turned his steps, his sword resigned,
Untainted with fraternal gore.
He left no nobler heart behind.
How few like him! how few that give
The dismal tales of every clime
A brighter page, and nobly live
To cheer the waste of wrong and crime;
Tales else that hatred and disgust
Would spurn and trample in the dust.

Rare are the noble hearts that strong
In pure resolve and purpose high,
Retain amid the common throng
Some semblance of their native sky;
Not theirs the part, with groveling eye,
To watch Ambition's paths alone,
And every mean allurements try
To make her maddening heights their own.
With hand of steel, with heart of stone,
Not theirs, through carnage to obtain
The victor's wreath, the monarch's throne,
And deluge earth with crimson rain;

Nor their's, the deep enduring stain
 Of those that formed for nobler aim,
 For truth, for honour, basely train
 Their powers to grope for party fame,
 To win from fools or knaves a name,
 To worship Mammon, to degrade,
 For office sake, the sacred flame
 By Heaven for nobler objects made;
 The flowers of genius shrink and fade,
 Even they shall moulder into dust,
 If on unhallowed altars laid
 To wreathe the brows of wine or lust:
 Time with no laurel crowns the bust
 Of him who basely trades away
 His birthright and the sacred trust,
 For the low purpose dares betray:
 To him the garlands of a day,
 Not those of amaranth belong,
 Such as diviner brows display
 That love the right and scorn the wrong:
 Alas! that lost amid the throng,
 His name upraised we never knew,
 To whom applauses loud and long
 Love, honour, monuments are due;
 His name who bravely cast aside
 Advancement, friendship, martial pride,
 And scorned the efforts to enslave
 By arms the noble and the brave.

(*To be Continued.*)

SONNET.

How I have followed every glance of thine;
 How I have watched the changes of thy cheek;
 How I have hearkened, when I heard thee speak;
 How I compared and studied, line by line,
 And treasured every sentence; how I sought
 In every trifling word and casual look,
 A sign and symbol of thy inmost thought,
 And read thy secret soul as from a book,
 I fear to tell, but never Botanist
 More joyed to view his favorite flower, than when
 I saw the blossom of thy soul untwist
 Its glorious folds unto my eager ken.
 On which, forgive me, when I learned there shone
 No name inscribed—I thought to write my own.

A LETTER FROM EUROPE.

We give below the letter of an American traveler in Europe, which will be read with great pleasure universally.

It is to an intimate friend of the writer, a citizen of Charleston, to whom we are indebted for the opportunity of inserting it in our columns. The traveler is distinguished both as a writer and a politician. He has contributed to the literature of the country some of its most popular productions, and, in the highest places of the nation, has given weight to its councils. We can trace in the letter the marks of this versatility of mind. It has the grace which gives a charm to fiction, and, with it, the solid thought which may guide the deliberations of a cabinet. Over all this, there is diffused the light and warmth of a bright, cheerful, affectionate spirit, imparting an inexpressible charm to the whole. We cannot but hope that the promised book will not be withheld from us; and that it will be largely imbued with the pleasant gossip of which the letter gives us a taste.

VENTNOR, Isle of Wight, }
Medina Cottage, Aug. 23, 1858. }

My dear *****: I have at length got into the most calm and peaceful nook of terrestrial comfort you can imagine. After some six or eight months of wheel-and-paddle life, running on the rail, whizzing under tunnels, flying over bridges, and surging on the waves, here I am, at last, in a beautiful little cottage of my own—as long as I wish to keep it—in this picturesque village of Ventnor, which sits upon the southern cliff of the Isle of Wight,

looking over a boundless expanse of sea, that is ever throwing its rich carpet of white foam upon the yellow sands, just fifty yards below the fanciful veranda, upon which my parlour windows open: here I am, with these glories before me, in the full enjoyment of a long coveted ease, now rendered more delightful by the most delicious climate in the world. The splash of the waves comes pleasantly to my ear, in measured cadence, all day long; and, with still more winning music, to soothe me into sleep, and direct the current of my dreams during the night.

I give you the benefit of this little bit of poetical inspiration, as a necessary artistic device to bring you into full accord and sympathy with the sense of satisfaction I feel at the arrival of the time when I can sit down with becoming *abandon*, to indulge myself in the long suspended delight of writing a letter to a friend.

Now stop, before you read another line, and in order that you may establish the most genial *rapport* between us, for the imbibing of the true spirit in which I write, put an arm-chair in the porch, on the breezy side of your house, obtaining, if you can, a good, clear view of the Atlantic; taking care, also, that the weather be serene, and, at the same time, exhilarating, and that the hour be that in which your humanity is most healthful and complacent—and then, seating yourself in a comfortable, unrestrained, and, indeed, luxurious manner, place both of your feet upon the rail before you. You will thus bring your animal spirits into the

jocund equipoise which I wish you to attain. Now, read on:

My dear *****: I received your delightful and loving letters of the 10th and 20th of April, at Vienna, on the 21st of May, where they had been awaiting my arrival some weeks. They brought me, in addition to your own pleasant gossip of five sheets, the remarkable effort of our young pupil in his first essay of authorship, which, I hope, will hereafter expand into grander volume, and bring him a fame as ample, in proportion, as his autograph, which now engrosses so large a portion of the field of his labour. I got, also, the newspapers touching Everett's reception, and your oration—for which it is not necessary to say how grateful I felt. You know how felicitously the beautiful old scripture phrase refers to the highest type of personal content, when it speaks of the delight of "tidings from a distant land." When that land is the traveler's home, and the tidings come from the best of his friends—you have the additions that truly express my pleasure in your letter. I wish I had another chair beside yours on the porch, and my heels upon that rail, to give you the pleasant things that now remain upon my memory, after having made my circuit of exploration of this old world. It is impossible to do it on paper, unless I should sit down seriously to the task which you invoke, of writing a book. Whether I shall do that or not, when I get home, will depend upon the question which relates to the correspondence between my performance and my intentions—a correspondence which my experience proves to be exposed to many disappointments. But, if I were under a good roof, or the broad sky either, within speaking distance of you, I could amaze you with a yarn of as many colours as Joseph's coat. At present, you must

be content to learn the whereabouts merely, and postpone the *what*-abouts. I told you how we got along to Rome. Thence, after seeing everything, and finding how unfavourable that climate was to the hope of recovering my health, I took my departure without regret, and moved on, by a three day's journey, to Florence. It was beautiful spring-time when we arrived there, and our visit had so many captivations, both of climate and scenery, that I got, at once, into good health, and have ever since continued in the best possible condition for enjoyment. We spent a month in the north of Italy: visiting Bologna, Mantua, Verona, Milan, Turin, Lakes Maggiore, Lugarno and Como, and so, by way of Padua, to Venice. How you, with your susceptible nature, and keen appreciation of the beautiful, would enjoy that round among the finest things in nature and art, and the oddest things in the domain of human credulity! (Think of the brazen serpent of the wilderness, which I saw, with my own eyes, at Milan!) Venice is perfectly delicious. It is an old, illuminated missal, full of the quaintest figures. A scene in a showy pantomime—and then, again, it is a picturesque chapter in a sea novel. It has so many faces that I can't describe them. But one characteristic it has, that runs through all its entire phases—of being the most sun-shiny, voluptuous, indolent and happy spot for a lazy and romantic lounge, that human industry could produce. After a week, we bade adieu to Venice, and the whole land of Polcinello, and came over to Trieste, and thence to Vienna. From Vienna to Dresden—where I saw Col. Preston and his daughter most comfortably, in a material sense, domesticated there, but with painful solicitude for the health of his son. From Dresden

to Berlin, to Potsdam, to Dusseldorf, to Amsterdam, to Paris, to London, to this snug sea-side retreat at Ventnor. Now, then, you have the line! Fill it up with mountains, plains, rivers, old castles, churches, palaces, picture galleries, and indescribable museums, with the everlasting occurrences of the ubiquitous soldier, and the frequent apparition of the priest, with beer gardens, operas, promenades, drives and ices, and you will get the material, at least, if you do not get the arrangement of the glass beads of our kaleidoscope. In the jumble of the elements, and the industry with which we explored them from morning to night, for months together, you may find a foundation for a theory upon which you may solve the question, how it has come to pass, that here, and now, only, on this 23d of August, I am answering your letters of 10th and 20th of April.

* * * I think I have settled that matter to your entire satisfaction, and so I finish part second, upon which I think it appropriate to make another pause.

* * * * *

How many things I have to talk about, how much to say to you, if I could only say it! But paper, pen and ink, and post-office, all forbid much talking in this fashion. My topic would be this *old* world, which to me is so amazingly *new*. We have a reverence at home for Miles Standish, for the old black pot of the Mayflower, and for the mysterious wind-mill at Newport. We actually brag of De Soto and the fountain of Bimini, and have an archaeological furor upon the mounds in the Muskingum. But what a set of infantile juvenilities do these all become in the conceit of a man who has seen the brazen serpent, four girdles of the Virgin, and five Madonnas painted by St. Luke! to say nothing of the bones

of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, which I saw at Prague, or, at least, I saw the box in which they are kept. Why, sir, here, on this Isle of Wight, are old fortifications to keep off the Danes, and to frighten Hengist and Horsa. Carisbrook Castle is a piece of green *modernity* in our present estimation, and the terraces, walls and gateways, which are in my familiar walks around this village, are some of them older than Captain Smith's love affair with Tragabigzanda.

It is something in a man's training to arrive at this perception of the world's history. But, notwithstanding its monuments, England is so much like our own country, that it almost seems like getting home, to come here from the continent. Everywhere else you have the most actual consciousness, all the time, that you are in a foreign land. The continent is, universally, with a very few exceptions, dingy with age. Italy is absolutely hoary, the outdoor statues, ballustrades, architectural embellishments, are almost black, and often mossy, like our Alleghany rocks. In England there are everywhere new, bright, beautiful dwellings. The landscape is varied with inconceivably rich, velvety parks, lawns and groves, magnificent flower gardens, grand, healthy, shady forests, and trim, neat and thrifty seed-fields. It has reached the highest point of useful service combined with perfect embellishment, and future centuries cannot make it more perfect. Indeed, England altogether approaches the beau ideal. It is as free as human institutions can make it. It is far the most intelligent and educated of nations, and it is, undoubtedly, the most powerful. Its people are proud of it, and their loyalty is a part of their religion. The contentment of all classes is a most striking and happy fact to the

observation of the traveler; and the hospitable, generous and hearty character of the gentlemen of England invokes a continued admiration. To our eyes, there are some conspicuous defects, both in the organization and temper of society, which I account to be the natural product of its growth. England, or, more properly speaking, modern England, has always been in the front of European civilization, and her hardihood and manly quality arise out of her perpetual struggle to maintain her position. As she may be said to have always been, with reference to Europe, a *protesting* power, that is to say, thinking for herself, and rising above the inertness and stationary level of the old governments and their prescriptive abuses; to have always been, in this sense, protestant in government and in social custom, as well as in religion, she has ever been, for this reason, looked upon with dislike by the established despotisms around her—just as, at this time, Sardinia is disliked by every other government in Italy. England, therefore, has been obliged to keep herself ever in harness, ready for every emergency. This condition of watchfulness—ever maintaining peace by a warlike attitude—has, for centuries, insulated her people quite as much as her geographical position has done, and out of this insulation her good opinion of herself, and her social exclusiveness, have grown. And now, as the product of this long national exaltation, every man and woman in England is imbued with a personal conviction, not only that the nation is the greatest of nations, but that the people, individually, are each and all, the greatest of people. They, therefore, cannot help showing, with all their hospitality, kindness, and generous welcome, that the practice of these virtues to

a foreigner is something of condescension; and to us of the United States, particularly, whose eyes are unblest with the display of titular grandeur, and who have never had the happiness to live in, or in sight of a court circle, the good will of these people is offered, and expected to be received by us, as the benevolent patronage of an amiable grandee to a poor relation. Of course, this provokes some distaste on our side, and is a cause of sufficient magnitude to drive away multitudes of our people from England altogether, and to lead them to France, where, if the people dislike us—as I am sure they do, and every thing that belongs to us—we don't know it, and still less do we care. French opinion is concealed from us by the language, and all attention is diverted from the enquiry into it, by the amusements, the frivolities and the profligacies of Paris. I profess my immeasurable preference for England, with all her drawbacks, to France, or, indeed, any nation on the continent. England is honest, manly and truthful, and you feel that you may confide in her as sincere in what she does. France, with a vast number of good things, is too dramatic, too impulsive, too vain, and too light, to make a good friend. So, again I say, England for me! I think we are close upon the time which is to witness a great change in the social and political estimates of our two countries for each other. They are opening their eyes here to juster views of us and our policy, and it is quite in the course of probable things, that the new era will date from the great historical event—the greatest since the voyage of Columbus—of the laying of the Atlantic cable. I look to see, in speedy development and progression, the most liberal adoption, on both sides, of a policy of brother-

hood much more real than that of which we have been talking so nonsensically every year at dinner tables. I think the French alliance will, in due time—not far off—melt away, and other combinations of European politics arise, which will kindle a fervor of good feeling between England and America. For, after all, with all our old grudges, if the liberty or independence of England should be assailed by any powerful combination of old world absolutism, don't you think the Anglo-Saxon blood in our veins would warm up to stand by our kinsmen in the quarrel? Could we be content to see another Norman cross the channel, with his mailed and gauntleted followers, to sweep away once more the beautiful monuments of *our* race—the churches, colleges and cities, so full of the mind, heart and worship, that are as much *our* treasures as they are England's? Could we willingly, and without a desire to prevent it, see those old and affluent fountains of English law and liberty, and those grand reservoirs of English thought and sentiment, in danger of being seized upon, drained, dried up and obliterated, by a horde of Front de Bœufs, De Bois Guilberts and Malvoisins? I think not. Rather, I think, we should verify Benton's prophecy—though in a different sense from his—"The day will come—and the babe is now born who will see it—when an American brigade will hold a review in Hyde Park." To be sure it will! and I hope that it will come, at the earliest moment, after the news shall be brought by telegraph of a continental invasion of England, that a brigade of our stout fellows can be steamed across the Atlantic. Now, in my opinion, and this is the sum of my view of the national politics; England will be wise if she contemplates such an emergency in time, and shall direct

her policy and social influence steadily to the preparation of the English and American mind for it. I believe the signs are now that *she will*, and I shall be disappointed if the next ten years do not witness a more cordial agreement and reciprocal esteem between the people and governments of the two nations, respectively. We are already the only two real republics in the world—England being, in fact, quite as much of a republic as we are—and the probabilities are that we shall have to combine for the defence of the republican principle against its natural enemies, wherever they may arise—and for its diffusion over the world, wherever it may suit our occasions to plant it.

In the perception of this necessity, I prophecy: 1st, that England will abandon her cant about the iniquity of slavery in America—or, at least, turn it over to that harmless community, which is as self-important, as fussy, and as absurd here, as its fellowship on our side is—the good people who think that the grand national interest of States should be postponed and ignored, to make way for a millennium of saints, who are to govern the world in universal peace, with any quantity of lectures and moonshine. My prediction is, that English statesmen, and, with them, the English public, will concur to leave the question of slave labour to the progress and destiny assigned to it by the laws of political economy, which are but another name for the decrees of Providence. 2d, I prophecy, as a corollary from this, that England will acquiesce with us, and admit the necessity of our acquisition of Cuba, whenever our own view of that necessity shall prompt us to consummate the act, and that she will manifest an honourable confidence in our integrity and jus-

tice in deciding that question. 3d, I prophecy that England will invite, or if not invite, complacently look upon our coöperation with her in the peopling and settlement of her vast domain on our continent, hoping, and expecting, in that enterprise, to see an expansion of the Anglo-Saxon element, and its kindreds, over the northern portions of America, spread into many communities—all affiliated with us and with the mother country, by free institutions, by the same forms of civilization, and by a similar industry—and in that field to find a new commerce and an abundant agriculture, to sustain it equally for the benefit of both. 4th, I prophecy that all that region will rise to great prosperity and influence under this policy, and that when the proper period of maturity arrives, it will assume the position of an independent republic, with the full and hearty concurrence of the government of England.

It is my faith in these predictions which induces me to say, that a new era is at hand, which will be characterized by a hearty agreement between England and the United States.

Now, there—I have given you a

sermon which you may digest at your leisure. If I had any music, I would here introduce the choir, and give out, after the manner of the learned professors at Yale College, a hymn to be sung by you and Mrs. B., and Isaac Marion and Rebecca Marion, and Kenny and Kate, and all the rest of them—"Old Hundred," sir, if you please, with which I shall conclude.

I have engaged our homeward passages in the *Persia*, which is advertised to sail on the 16th of October. So, we may hope, once more to touch our beloved soil—the best in the world, *****, after all, for those who are born to its birth-rights—before that month is out. I shall be truly thankful to get back to dear Maryland, and within speaking distance of the matchless friends who have made it a sunny land for me and mine. To tell you the truth, I am tired of roaming—which confession, you will say, imports that I am getting old—which, by-the-by, is a truth I am rather proud to avow, as it gives me some claim, or, at least, apology for it, to inflict upon you this tedious discourse on men and things.

Yours, ever.

FROM LAMARTINE.

'Tis night, but in this clime night brings no shade;
Suspended in a dome less dark, her star
Pours down its light on shores in slumber laid,
And peaceful waters dimly lost afar
In heaven's pale blue. A stillness, naught doth mar,
Rests upon all the coast now shelving low
Down to the waves, that wash the silvery bar
With rippling murmur; now with rugged show
Meeting erect and stern the foaming waters' flow.

AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF BÉRANGER.

The letters of Béranger, as yet unpublished, are eagerly sought for on all sides. The one, of which we present a translation to our readers, has been handed to us by M. R. Thomassey, who possesses the original; presented to him by the Treasurer of France, to whom the poet addressed it.

"My dear M. THOMAS:

M. Duval de Bourges, a letter from whom I enclose, sent me, more than twenty days ago, an order on the Treasury for two thousand three hundred and ninety-five francs fifty centimes, in settlement of the business of Bérard.

I have lost this order, and did not discover the fact for some days. I have written to M. Duval, who has furnished me the documents necessary for proof.

Take notice, my dear sir, that there is neither transfer nor acquittance, in my writing, on the lost order.

With what forms must I give you notice of the loss, in case the order should be presented at the Treasury with forged signatures? I am very little at home in these matters, and trust to your kindness to inform me of what is to be done in the embarrassment my carelessness has brought upon me.

Excuse me for troubling you. You know that I have very little business with the Treasury, and it had been well to spare me this opportunity of doing a silly thing. For it was certain I would seize upon it.

You will have consideration for me, I am sure, and I thank you beforehand.

Have the goodness to present my

regards to Mad. Thomas, to whom I will pay my respects in person when the doctors have given me back the use of my legs, which, for three months past, have permitted me no more than half an hour's exercise.

Farewell, my dear friend, and believe me, your

Truly attached

BÉRANGER,

5, Rue de Vendôme."

Oct. 9th, 1856.

Madame Thomas, to whom Béranger here promised a visit, was speaking to him one day of the political influence of his songs. "In fact," said she, "it is you who have created the new empire." "Madame," he answered, briskly, "I am no longer proud of it."

"How, then, about the republic, of which you dreamed so long?"

"I should like to be dreaming of it still."

This lady received from Béranger the following quatrain, suggested by these verses of Lamartine, written in an album:

Here, in this burial place of fame,
You wish my dust; and why?
Even while I carve, "In Memory,"
Time has forgot my name.

Béranger added:

If Time, indeed, to show his empire
wide,
Hath dared forget a name so great;
May the poor verses I shall write, abide
An equal chance, their best estate.

When one writes such quatrains, is it at all strange that he loses orders on the Treasury?

The letter to Mr. Thomas has a biographical value, and may be called a commentary in miniature on the life of Béranger.

COFFEE.

Sacred Nine! whom poets sing,
By the famed Pierian spring,
By Parnassus' summit bright,
By Apollo, god of light,
I invoke ye! Sacred Nine!
For the theme is all divine.
Lend me grace and wit to tell
Of the plant doth all excel.
Coffee hight in mortal tongue,
From the blest Arabia sprung;
Planted there by Ceres kind,
Or by Flora's boon designed;
Nectar named beyond the skies,
Drink the calm Immortals prize,
When before Olympian Zeus
Hebe pours the blissful juice.
Great thy destiny on high,
Great thy name below the sky.
Coffee! Thou dost lift the heart,
Ease our sorrow, heal the smart
Of remorse; the weary mind
Soothed by thee becomes resigned.
If thou dost not cure the woe
Half-distracted lovers know,
Thou dost give them hope to live,
Strength of heart and nerve dost give,
When the loved one will not hear,
When a rival's tongue they fear;
When they dare not speak their love
Softly to the stars above;
When the cheerless morning light
Comes upon the sleepless night;
When at last the scornful maid
Wearies of the homage paid,
Coldly treads with fairy foot
Love's young blooms and tender fruit;
Heart-consoler! then to thee
Must the joy-abandoned flee.
In thy perfect essence swim
Shadows and revealings dim
Of the sunny lands remote,
Whence thy fragrant odours float;
Floating far across the seas,
Till the colder western breeze,
Touched by thee, sighs warm and low,
And before the fancy glow
Bagdad's glories, Egypt old,
Dusky India's realms of gold,

Mecca, goal of faithful feet,
 Istambol's imperial seat,
 And the isles beyond the Line,
 Beached with pearl and coralline,
 Set in summer seas so deep,
 Murmuring gently in their sleep.
 Richest memories are thine
 Of the days by storied Rhine ;
 Thine aroma to the brain
 Calling up the shadowy train
 Of the ages ; Cæsar's glance,
 And the legions stern advance
 With the tide of conquest, stayed
 By the slaughter Hermann made ;
 All the days of legendry,
 Old romance and chivalry ;
 All the marvels Time has wrought
 By the German hand and thought,
 Since the modern world began ;
 Till the mighty river ran
 Like the ocean-stream that rolled
 Round the earth, as poets told.
 Blest nepenthe of the mind !
 He who knows thee can but find
 In the past a wisdom sure,
 In the future trust secure—
 Stronger pulses to the heart,
 Deeper life thou dost impart ;
 Wings thou dost on thought bestow,
 Raising high the mind to know
 How, in life, from seeming ills
 And fiery trials balm distils,
 In whose matchless virtues met
 All the gifts of good are set.

The grass that waves in every breeze,
 Heareth the secrets of the bees,
 Heareth the birds at early morn,
 Heareth the cricket in the corn ;

The happy life of living things,
 Unknown, unnoticed, where it springs,
 Is of the life that forms the whole
 A part, not less than soul of soul.

THE STASTOK FAMILY.

FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE "SCENES HOLLANDAISES" OF HILDEBRAND, (NICOLAS BEETS.)

VI. *Peter is "really" in love, and we go on a pleasure party in a boat.*—Peter's ill-humour was no enigma to me. I had remarked that he spoke very little during this whole evening, while ordinarily neither his loquacity nor his pedantry ever failed him in the circle of his father's friends. But two little circumstances had put him out and paralysed him: love and hatred. It had not escaped me that he continually cast furtive glances upon Koosjen's pretty white neck, and it was evident that he would have been delighted to be able to look frankly in her sweet face, or to have entered into a sustained conversation with her. It was not difficult for me to perceive that he resented her appreciation of Victor Hugo's fine poem, however indifferently it was recited. I had observed how much he seemed to envy me the courage with which I talked to her afterwards, and the smiles with which she rewarded my efforts to amuse her. His hopes, I think, had promised him great things for this evening, but Koosjen had come and gone without his having addressed her any word more tender than, "Do you like little cakes?" He had ended, in fact, by being slightly ridiculous; was it astonishing that he should be in an ill-humour?

"Good morning, Peter," I cried out without opening my curtains, when, the next day, the old cook, as usual, sounded her bony knuckles upon our door to awaken us.

"Good morning, cousin," he replied.

I peeped at him through the green moreen. He was sitting pensively on the side of his bed, and without his spectacles.

"I verily believe I dreamed of Koosjen Van Naslaan."

Peter coloured violently, and drew on one of his socks fiercely. "Bah!" he said.

"Yes: she is a charming girl."

"You think so?" said Peter, pulling on his other sock and going to the wash-stand. "She has a pretty little face, but I don't think her so charming."

"No?" I asked with great surprise.

"No, really!" he replied.

The love that denies its object, betrays itself in an irrefutable manner.

"Well, I should like to know that young girl better. Peter, is there no way for me to see her between this and the day after tomorrow?"

"I don't know any," said Peter, filling the basin until it ran over.

"Go and pay her a visit."

"That can't be done, my boy: can't you suggest anything else?"

"No."

"I think I have found something better," I said, jumping out of bed.

"Tell me, Peter, why have you forgotten to put on your spectacles? See here, the weather is magnificent—we can hire a boat, and then we can go and invite Koosjen and some other ladies of your acquaintance to do us the honour of accepting a nautical excursion."

"A nautical excursion," repeated Peter with stupefaction.

"Certainly: one has a much better chance of paying one's court, of talking, of love-making, in a boat, than in a carriage. Would not you like to do a little of that sort of thing? Hello! my boy, why are you putting on your pantaloons upside down?"

"Oh!" said Peter, getting more angry than ever, "stop your nonsense. I don't care to be teased so by you."

"My dear fellow, you misunderstand me. I am not teasing you. I only ask you if you don't wish to give a few thoughts to love?"

"Love!" exclaimed Peter, swelling out his lips with indignation and resentment. "You can keep your love thoughts to yourself."

"So I do, my excellent Peter; the girls won't listen to me. I am too ugly."

"You know well enough how to chatter away to them, sir," said Peter, trembling with anger.

"Yes," I answered, laughing, "but I think you know still better how to make love to them."

I received no reply. Peter dressed himself hastily and ran down stairs, and when I got down, I found him smoking his pipe, sheltered under the parental wings, and, as a romantic Frenchman would say, "*enveloppé de sa colerë*."

After breakfast, he walked into the garden; I was close at his heels.

"Do leave me alone," he said, with a countenance as engaging as a screech owl's.

"No, you must not be angry Peter," and I held out my hand. "What the mischief! is *love*—a word to make you fly out in this way? In your place, I should much sooner get angry at the word Institutes.

Peter grinned doubtfully.

"Come, Peter; I won't say any more about this affair, but we will go on the water with the ladies—in a boat with the ladies, my boy! Do you know how to row?"

"I think so," said Peter.

"Will you row?"

"Yes."

"Will you invite the ladies?"

"They will refuse."

"I don't ask you that. Will you? I promise you I will be very discreet."

"Agreed then," said Peter.

Our plan was communicated to the father and mother Stastok, and it was resolved that besides Koosjen, we should invite a certain cousin, Christina, a young girl of twenty-threes, who would be delighted to accompany us, seeing that she passed her life seated beside a cross-grained old aunt, who kept two servants, and never went out.

We went at once to look for a boat. At a boat-builder's, he told us that he had sold his only one, because it was not profitable, but directed us where he was sure that we could be suited. After a long walk, we had the satisfaction of finding the place, and the boat, but as the extremity of its stern alone was visible above water, we concluded to seek elsewhere; finally, we discovered a very nice bark which we could hire for the whole afternoon, and then delivered our invitations, which were well received and graciously accepted.

Peter and I agreed that Koosjen should be particularly confided to his care, while I should assume the responsibility of Christina. Could I be more generous? Peter resumed his good humour, and my excellent aunt proceeded at once to pack, in a little basket, some hock and some oranges, a very cooling style of refreshment for the month of October. We had requested the ladies to furnish themselves

with cloaks, for although we hoped to find the weather mild, we feared the contrary. The next morning promised a magnificent autumn day, and consequently, pleasure without impediment; but when Peter returned from a little expedition which he made after breakfast, touching his toilette, he brought back a countenance of unmitigated distress. He slammed the door behind him, and threw down his hat, cane and gloves.

"What is the matter?" I anxiously asked.

"Oh! that miserable Dolphe," he cried, turning to his mother.

There was assuredly no man's name in the five divisions of the world, which was capable of inspiring more terror in the breast of Mrs. Deborah Stastok, and of all tender mothers in the city of D——, than this name of Dolphe.

It was the epitome of,—it represented in itself,—good-for-nothing, spend-thrift, libertine, drunkard, blackguard, idler! This name belonged, in fact, to Mr. Rodolphus Van Brammen, who, after having made himself known in his boyhood, as an accomplished scapegrace, who played a thousand tricks every day, tormented his parents and teachers to death, and enraged the girls by trying to kiss them, was finally sent to Leyden, where he passed two years, ostensibly studying law, but without his father being able to perceive that he did anything except spend money. On his return, the said *pater familias* received evident proofs that besides this occupation, his dear son had exercised a passion for contracting debts. After this, and still at his father's expense, who fortunately was in easy circumstances, he opened for himself another career, which is known as *loafing generally*, and all, to the

great scandal of the inhabitants of D——, who worried themselves about "what he would come to" some day, far more than Rodolphus Van Brammen himself.

Meanwhile, he did nothing notoriously bad. He drank his glass comfortably, took part in all public diversions, (including mounting guard, and digging up trees on the *boulevards*,) mimicked the peculiarities of public men, walked about a great deal, played billiards assiduously, grew fatter each day, *chaffed* everybody, and was very popular.

It was no wonder, therefore, that my aunt, at the mention of this monster, felt a cold shiver run down her back!

"What has he done again?"

"Done?" said Peter, with desolation, and his eyes shone gloomily through his spectacles. "Nothing! but he wishes to go rowing with us," and Peter looked full at me, as if to make me feel the complete horror of this news.

"Provided he brings a lady with him," I said, "it is of no consequence to me."

"Oh, that is just it. He brings his sister, that stupid girl! Christina told this sister that she was going on a water party with Koosjen, me, and a Leyden student, and then she insisted on going with us."

"Koosjen, me, and a Leyden student!" Under any other circumstances Peter would have said, "Koosjen, a Leyden student, and me;" but he was in love, and thought proper to divide us in this way.

"Well," said my aunt, reassured by the sister's company, which, in the eyes of the population of D——, served as an excuse for the brother's presence. "Well, Amelia is a very well behaved girl; she was always diligent at school and everywhere. There is nothing to

say against her. So they will go with you."

"And all my pleasure is spoiled!" grumbled Peter. In despair he quitted the room, and to console himself, went and potted away at his plans of the Institute.

Meanwhile, I should have liked very much to have seen the meeting between these two very opposite gentlemen, Peter and Dolphe. I imagine that the ex-student had received a commission from his sister to get an invitation for her as well as for himself to accompany us—a thing which, no doubt, Amelia had promised Christina to do *any way*. One can easily understand that Dolphe was determined *any way* to meet Peter, if the latter ventured into the streets for a moment, for Dolphe had the habit of consecrating many hours of the day to promenading the city, bestowing criticising glances upon the prettiest maid-servants, and giving a particular attention to the finest dogs. It so happened that he met Peter just as his unfortunate victim had purchased at Van Drommelin's shop, a magnificent pair of poppy-colored kid gloves—gloves that had long remained unsold on Van Drommelin's shelf, and which he now persuaded his innocent customer, were of the very latest fashion. I fancy that Dolphe began the conversation thus:

"So you are going on a water party, all of you?" adding immediately, "you ought to take my sister and me with you." To which, Peter, without perceiving a loop-hole of excuse, replied instantly.

"Agreed."

"What o'clock do you go?"

"At half-past three."

"That's early, but I will be there. Amelia will bring her guitar."

There occurred this day, in my

uncle's mansion, an hitherto unheard-of event: the dinner hour was changed, in honour of the nephew, Hildebrand, (who, in spite of his palm-leaf dressing-gown, enjoyed a great reputation in the Stastok house,) and after Peter and I had hastily swallowed our meal, we set off, he, in search of Koosjen, and I, to escort Christina.

Of all the young girls who could or would live with crabbed old aunts, Christina was certainly the one who seemed least suited for such an existence. She took my arm so frankly, and began to laugh so heartily about the fine weather, the charming prospect ahead, and the delights of water parties, that I immediately formed the best opinion of her, and only feared that she was anticipating too much pleasure from our projected excursion.

We had ordered the boat to the middle canal of the city, and Keesjen had carried there, the hock and oranges. I arrived with Christina at the same moment that Peter appeared with Koosjen. The young lady walked beside him; he had not dared to offer his arm, and she was trying to keep up with his immense strides.

Peter seemed quite radiant, but presently he grew more fierce than ever when he saw Van Brammen approaching, with his sister and a servant. The servant carried an enormous door-key and a guitar-case, covered with marbled paper.

Dolphé had procured for the occasion a yellow straw hat, which gave him a very common look; he wore brown plaided pantaloons, and a green frock-coat, tightly buttoned up with large gilt buttons; at his heels glistened a pair of spurs, and in his hand was a sword cane, both of which articles might, with greater convenience, have been

left at home. Amelia was dressed in a very peculiar style. She had on a purple silk spencer, and a green skirt, a small hat of the same material and colour as the spencer, and over it, a large white veil with a green border like the skirt. Her little feet were laced into nankin boots, which set off the delicacy of her ankles. These little feet and little ankles, with her little hands, constituted the principal charms of the thin Amelia, who had a long, pale face, and large, vague, greenish eyes, that, either because she was near-sighted, or because she wished to appear so, she kept half closed to such an extent, that you could almost have sworn that she did not see at all. As she advanced by the side of her stout brother, she reminded me irresistibly of King Pharaoh's first dream.

The meeting of the three ladies was very cordial and very affable; Van Brammen accosted us gayly,

"Good afternoon, gentlemen! I have dined prodigiously, I give you my word. Zounds! that's a pretty boat! where did you get it, Peter? Hildebrand, I saw you a long time ago, when you were still a *green*;* you had then a little cinnamon frock-coat that was powerfully ugly. Hello! there is a boat hook!" and seizing it like a lance, he flourished it in the air, and made believe that he was about to transfix Peter.

"Oh stop!" cried Peter, looking as venomous as a spider.

"Look here!" said Dolphe, jumping into the boat, "I am the biggest, and besides, I have just dined tremendously; I will row afterwards, but, you two must begin—will that suit you, Hildebrand?"

"Perfectly."

I assumed the task of master of ceremonies, and placed myself on the second bench, with Peter in front of me. On the side benches, at his right, was the charming Koosjen, his first love; at his left, the thin Amelia, with her guitar at her feet. The joyous Christina, who was pleased with every thing, had the choice of seating herself beside either of these two other ladies; Dolphe was at the helm.

"Let go, my friend!" cried Dolphe. "That's right, my brave fellow, you know all about it!" and with the boat hook he pushed us off from the bank, and steered out into the middle of the canal.

Peter and I began to row, but it was evident that my honourable cousin had never applied himself to this exercise, or else, he had not recently indulged in it.

"It is not worth while to sound the canal, Peter!" shouted Dolphe, (Peter had planted his oars at an angle of ninety degrees,) "you must skim the water like a sea-gull, my boy!"

"I know it," said Peter, and he raised the right oar very high, to show his science, but, at the same time, forgot the left, which he submerged more perpendicularly than ever, if possible, so that while the right oar scarcely touched the water, and only bounced violently against mine, the left received so strong an impulsion from Peter's vigorous hand, that the boat turned half round.

"Hello! Peter, take care!" again cried the detested steersman, while Koosjen laughed, Christina sneezed, and Amelia gave a little shriek. "You must not play tricks, my jolly friend, or you will make us all play ducks."

Peter wished, from the bottom of his heart, that Dolphe might sud-

* Recently arrived at the University.

denly be precipitated into the very lowest depths of the canal.

One need not be a sorcerer to acquire the art of rowing. I gave Peter a few directions, and, presently, he was able to keep time with my oars. We left the canal, and entered the little river which forms the pride and glory of D——.

Our way was still easier, and the ladies declared that it was delicious to be on the water. Koosjen was more charming, Christina more expansive, and Amelia more sentimental than ever; but, one circumstance continued to enrage Peter. The two first-named ladies were, as if suspended, to the lips of Dolphe, (who said a thousand absurd things,) lending a great deal more attention to this roystering good-for-nothing than to Peter, who, at his next examination, would inevitably pass *summâ cum lauda*.* This is a fact, however, that many worthy young men must have noticed in their own cases. The ladies must know better than I do, why they give occasion for such complaints. However it may be, even the modest Koosjen listened to Dolphe with every mark of approbation and delight, whether he sang a song, or imitated the chant in the cathedral, or flung his straw hat in the air, or related some anecdote, or made her some compliment in a very off-hand and very sincere manner.

Probably, as the sister of the agreeable Rodolphus already knew his stories by heart, or, being his sister, was less under the charm of his pleasantries, she paid but slight homage to Dolphe's jokes, and engaged Peter in an animated and poetical discussion on the charming environs of Utrecht, on the charming Zaist, and on the charming convents.

She declared that she had the

greatest sympathy for establishments of this kind, and spoke with warmth of her desire to enter a nunnery, or, at least, to become a sister of charity, a menace by no means unusual with young ladies of the age and temperament of Amelia.

She overwhelmed the distracted Peter, who, meanwhile, was a prey to the severest jealousy, with an avalanche of noble, tender, holy and touching sentiments, raising her eyes, ever and anon, in a peculiarly familiar manner towards the moon, (which shone already like a small white speck in the heavens,) as if she had an especial confidant seated up there. She sighed several times, like a person with many secret sorrows, and, occasionally, after having uttered some sententious saying, she looked over Peter's shoulder at me, who, notwithstanding the disadvantage of being just behind her, managed to escape most of her conversation.

"But isn't it time for me to relieve you, my beloved galley-slaves?" said Dolphe, cordially, after we had rowed about half an hour. "I am doing nothing but smoking cigars at the helm."

"This is my plan," I answered, "Peter spoke to me of a farm, where we could land, and take some refreshment. We ought to be there presently."

"Oh, yes, at Teeuwis'," said Dolphe, interrupting me, like a man who was not unacquainted with all such places.

"Very well, we can row till we get to Teeuwis'; then, we will rest, and, after a while, we can row back to that large pond that we have just passed. As soon as we reach the pond, we can drift about there with the tide as long as we choose."

"Charming!" cried Amelia; "I

* Consecrated formula in Holland to indicate the highest grade.

know nothing more delightful than to float on the water."

"Yes," I said, "then we shall taste all delights at once—we will see what there is in our basket, and what there is in your guitar-case."

"Superb!" exclaimed the other ladies, "Amelia, you will play and sing for us."

"Of course," shouted Dolphe, "and I'll sing, too. I know some magnificent songs. But, Amelia, you must not look at the moon too much, you know."

Her brother's insensibility drew a sigh from the fragile and susceptible Amelia.

A few seconds more, and we were at the farm.

We landed, to the great satisfaction of Peter, who saw himself

delivered from the oars, and from Amelia. The first circumstance, however, gave him almost more pleasure than the second. He had had the folly to row in his famous poppy-coloured kid gloves, which hung in shreds from his fingers, and as he had grasped the oars with such fierceness of clutch, his unhappy hands were covered with great blisters.

Dolphe assisted the ladies on shore, said something very flattering about Christina's feet, and pressed Koosjen's pretty hand—compliments that both considered a little daring, but not precisely disagreeable. Mr. Van Brammen then abandoned his sister to the care of Peter.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE LAND OF MIZRAIM.

Ages, Ages, on have roll'd
 Over thee, strange clime;
 Thou hast mysteries as old
 As the birth of Time.
 From the By-gone, deep and vast,
 Whirling centuries have pass'd,
 Marching over thee;
 As their shadows on were cast
 To Eternity.
 But say, what did'st thou seal and write
 Upon each century's wheel;
 And who shall bring it back to light,
 And break the mystic seal?
 'Tis gone! 'tis gone! we can but look,
 On thy vast piles so strange,
 Which like a monumental book,
 Their mysteries arrange
 In leaves of everlasting rock,
 In column, obelisk, and block,
 In stones up-piled,
 In sculpture wild,
 Which all our art doth mock.

GOLDEN HOURS.

"My life is full of *golden hours*," I said,
In careless mood, one bright and happy day:
"Would that I, too, could boast of hours of gold,"
In saddest tone, I heard another say.

"Shall I count mine?" I asked. "First, hours with friends;
No dearer link to bind mankind is given
Than Friendship's name; and, oh, 'tis sweet to me
To think it holds a favoured place in Heaven.

Next, hours of love; how brilliant is their gold;
How blessed, how doubly blessed their witching ties;
For, even when past, I can recall them all,
Because, within my breast their memory lies.

And, ah, how golden are the hours of prayer,
When the bowed soul with cheering hope grows bright,
And o'er a darkened life calm peace is shed,
While the glad spirit basks once more in light.

For me the household hours of care and toil,
Are turned by loving hearts to purest gold—
For sympathy makes sunshine with her smile,
And home is warm if all the world is cold.

Then, in the scale of glittering time, I prize,
High on the list, the seasons blest of health—
When the pulse bounds and every breath is free,
And but *to live* is joy, content and wealth.

A golden era is a gift of flowers,
Such gifts I call the floral smile of friends.
And when I view, in nature, glorious scenes,
Those hours I feel the good Creator sends.

And other hours are bright, and golden links
That bind the days and months, and passing years—
The joy, almost divine, that music brings,
Delicious charm to soothe our woes and tears;

Or welcome sound of holy voice at even,
That reads from poet grand some charmed verse;
Or twilight hour, when in the mystic gloom
Loved tones a wondrous tale of old rehearse.

And last, but not the least, the praises dear
Of those I prize, a record new unfold—

But I must pause, for as I count I find
My hours *without alloy* are *still* untold."

"If you call *such* your hours of gold," said he,
Who so bewailed his dark and barren lot,
"There lives not one in the whole world can say,
Of *some* of these, 'Alas! I have them not.'"

Yes, there are golden hours in every life,
Too bright, too beautiful, to slight or lose;
And we can change them, if they *leaden* are,
To precious, priceless metal, if we choose.

A REMEMBRANCE.

I.

Softly shone thy lustrous eyes
On that silent summer night;
Softly on my wakened heart,
Thrilling into love and light,
Though from the near mountain's height
The shadows wrapt us solemnly.

II.

Faintly fell the tremulous tones,
From thy sweet lips coyly won,
Dropping with the liquid lull
Of low rivulets, by the sun
Courtied from the woodlands dun,
Into pastures, glad, and free.

III.

Through the mazes of deep speech
Wandered we, absorbed, apart,
On the mingled flood of thought,
Drawing nigh each other's heart;
Till we felt the pulses start
Of a mystic sympathy.

IV.

Ah! those brief, harmonious hours,
When their wingéd music fled,
Discord through all voices ran,
And the universe seemed dead,
Only—moaning o'er its bed,
I heard the low, pathetic sea.

ROUND TOWERS OF MINORCA.

Everywhere, throughout Europe, are to be found, in the midst of the well known ruins of antiquity, singular isolated round towers, of various heights, and for the most part without any visible opening. Solidly constructed of great wares of stone, without inscriptions, and placed in every variety of situation, they seem to the traveler to have been erected without any purpose; and antiquarians differ widely as to the use for which they were designed. Their number is very great in Ireland; they are found in Portugal; in Spain, more especially on the Atlantic coast; in Brittany, in northern Italy, and continually as we proceed towards the East; in Syria and Persia; they have been met with by British travelers in Afghanistan, and they abound throughout the Indian peninsula and the island of Ceylon, which seems to be the most eastern country in which they are known to exist. In all these countries the towers are precisely similar in character; simple, round structures, composed of great blocks of stone laid carefully, and fitted to each other with great nicety, and without cement. The Irish antiquarians, who contend for the Punic origin of their race, ascribe these towers in their island to the Phœnicians, who erected them for watch-towers, and stations for soldiers. They suppose, therefore, that the towers, now standing, composed the nucleus of the station, and that the guard-rooms were built against them; a supposition possibly correct, but which does not satisfy the inquirer. Why are these towers placed in all situations, without reference to military science?

Is it not, at the best, a clumsy contrivance for a military station, to erect a tower in the centre of a circumference, instead of strongly fortifying the circumference itself? And, if the tower itself be not defensible without the outer works, is it not a vast outlay of time and skill to no purpose? But it seems to be conceded by most antiquarians, at the present day, that these edifices were not raised for the purposes of war.

To us it seems most probable that they were designed for the rites of religion. Their form is precisely that of the fire towers of the Parsees; and it is remarkable that they have been found only in countries now, or originally, inhabited by the Indo-Germanic race. We say originally, meaning, of course, within the period of authentic history. The claim to their construction by the Celtic race is very plausible, and, apparently, conclusive, so far as Europe is concerned; but, it has been well remarked, why only the Celtic? We do not know that the Celtic is the oldest European race; certainly the Basques preceded them in wide-spread diffusion, and we are not to believe that no other race preceded the Basques. It is impossible to arrive at certainty on these points; light to guide us there is absolutely none.

But it seems highly probable that, as these towers exist only within a certain zone—reaching from the western extremity of Europe to Farther India, in Asia—and as their date of construction is, evidently, of high antiquity—that they are the work of some homogeneous, widely-spread race, and were in-

tended for the purposes of religion.

It would have been easy to construct means of access to the summit, even supposing there are no undiscovered entrances to inner stairways in these towers; and we can readily understand why, if they were intended for religious rites, they were erected indifferently on heights or plains. An interesting work, now before us, contains an account of many of these towers, existing in the island of Minorca. This work is by a local antiquary, Dr. J. Ramis y Ramis, with whom the investigation of these remains has been, evidently, a labour of love. He denominates his work, "Celtic Antiquities of the island of Minorca, from the most ancient times to the fourth century of the Christian era." In his preface, he says:

"The many stupendous edifices which we call Talayots, the great altars or Taulas, the circles, amphitheatres, excavations, and mines; all fill us with admiration of the great designs of the Islanders, and show already how strong were the power and the influence possessed by the Druids."

Minorca abounds in round towers, especially on the south side of the island. These are evidently of very ancient construction, since they are formed of stones of unequal sizes, joined together without cement. Some of these towers are very lofty, others falling to ruin, and therefore greatly lowered; the circumference of several is more than a hundred and fifty feet; and it is noted that there are, generally, two or three smaller towers at a short distance from the larger ones, and in all respects similar in construction, with the exception that the larger towers have in front of them two enormous blocks laid one across the other. These are

wanting to the smaller towers. Around all these are usually found vast circles or enclosures of stone. On the inner side of these circles are found pilasters, large and small, shaped by tools. Some of the most ruinous of these have before them a flat stone, resting upon another and forming, with it, a kind of table, similar in design, no doubt, to the larger one mentioned above.

The name given to these towers, in the dialect of the island, is Talayots, equivalent to the Castilian Atalayas, watch-towers. Many of these towers have what seems to be a kind of exterior staircase, made of stones projecting from the masonry of the tower, and ascending from the base to the summit in a spiral figure. Some even have two staircases, one exterior and one interior; and many of them are destitute of means of ascent. Some are built perpendicular; but most of them slope towards the top. In some may be seen openings into the interior at the base, and even half way up the tower, and some times even at the very top. In some of the towers an inner stairway conducts to the summit. On close observation of the circles surrounding these towers it was noticed that slabs of stone lay about at the feet of the pilasters; and these, on being measured, were sufficiently long to reach from pilaster to pilaster around the circle; and it seems probable, therefore, that these slabs had served to cover some building against the circle—probably a temple—for the construction of such a building must have been at a period when the principle of the arch was unknown. At a little distance from these circles are found, in some situations, mill stones in great abundance, which Dr. Ramis y Ramis supposes to have

served for grinding wheat and other grains for sacrifices. These mill-stones are somewhat peculiar in form. In length they are about a foot and three quarters, and in breadth about ten inches, diminishing towards the edges; and in the centre they are about nine inches thick. These stones are flat-bottomed, with a hole through the middle, like the common mill-stones; and there is a raised edge on the upper part of each stone, made, probably, to assist the working of it.

The most remarkable monument in Minorca is, perhaps, the stone ship, composed of unhewn blocks of stone. It stands to the south of the Citadel. The height of the stern from the ground is about eleven feet, and its exterior width thirteen feet. The interior of the ship measures only five feet from one side to the other—so thick are the stones of which it is built. Its length is about twenty feet.

It is remarkable that no inscriptions are to be found on any of these monuments, not even in the most ancient characters. For although the oldest of these monuments may well have been erected prior to the diffusion of letters, it appears improbable that all were erected at that time. A passage of Diodorus Siculus affirms that they were constructed in his time, that is, in the reign of Augustus Cæsar. It seems probable that these were druidical monuments; and it is well known that the Druids committed nothing to writing, nor did they leave inscriptions.

The Celts of France, of the British Isles, and of other parts of Europe, are supposed to have erected the edifices found in those countries similar to the monuments of Minorca. The Cairns of the British Isles are very similar to the

Talayots, and the Cromlechs are precisely similar to the large altars of Minorca. The height of the Cromlechs is usually six or eight feet, and they are placed in a circle formed of great stones. This also agrees, entirely, with the altars of the Minorcan Talayots. In the same manner the circle of pilasters, rudely shaped by tools, resembles the druidical circles of the other countries of Europe. These points of resemblance are certainly very striking, and the conclusion seems to be just that, if the monuments of Britain are Celtic, those of Minorca must also be Celtic.

The purpose of these monuments has been carefully investigated by Dr. Ramis y Ramis. The passage of Diodorus, before referred to, affirms that these monuments were raised over the urns in which the dead were deposited; and this, known to have been the practice of Celts in other countries, points out that people as the builders of these monuments. It is certain that in the Talayots which have been destroyed, there have been found urns and human bones; and it is fair to presume that the others still standing are similar in their character. The larger central towers were the tombs of the chiefs; and the smaller ones which surrounded them were the tombs of the wives, children and relatives of the chief. It is remarked that the towers formed, with each other, either a triangle or an equilateral figure; and this Dr. Ramis y Ramis supposes to have been with some mysterious reference to geometry, in which the Druids were skilled; or, perhaps, to express the three divisions of the year—the spring, the summer, and the winter.

The difference in height and size of the monuments was proportioned to the rank of the deceased, whose remains were interred beneath.

On the tops of some of these Talayots, and in the centre of them, there are found single columns, some times five feet in height, some times more. These appear to have been objects of adoration—a kind of worship spread over every region of the globe—and familiar to most students of history. On the great altars before the Talayots, the victims were offered to the shades of the deceased chieftains. These victims were of various kinds; at first, sheep, goats, heifers, and other animals; but the most noble victim, and the one best suited to the dignity of a chief, was thought to be a man. The altars were made of great size, to avoid the risk of polluting the victim once offered, by allowing it to touch the ground.

While working at the destruction of one of the smaller Talayots, Dr. Ramis y Ramis came upon two instruments of bronze, in shape like a half-moon, broadened on the curved side so that they would rest on that side upright. They were, evidently, very ancient in workmanship, though for what purpose designed, it is hard to conjecture.

The weight of probability, certainly, seems in favor of the Celtic origin of the monuments of Minorca; it is true that some of the peculiar marks of druidical circles are wanted to those described in our author's book. The openings, for instance, which in the well known circles of the Druids front the cardinal points of the compass, are not described as being so arranged; and we miss the circle of stones raised in air. Then, the altars of Minorca stand before the monuments of chiefs; the altars of the druidical circles, on the other hand, stand in the centre of the enclosed space, and stand alone.

We know that the Egyptians early visited the coasts of Spain, but the rudeness of the Minorcan monuments will not allow of our assigning to them an Egyptian origin. A definite conclusion as to the builders of these towers, is a thing impossible to be attained; we know that a race of men has lived, and builded, and passed away, leaving these remains; and more than this we cannot know.

So the swift moments passed; we stood and gazed

On the still beauty of the dying day,

Dying forever, yet forever living!

Awe-struck before that glory, I could say

No word: she, purer in her soul, upraised

Her voice, this truth to my remembrance giving:

"On earth and time the darker shadows fall;

In the great whole, Light ruleth over all"

THE ROMANCE OF A PICTURE.

"The portrait, like a link in history's chain,
Found, as it were, between the folds of time,
And bringing back to vivid life again
An old "Romance."

It was a sunny morning in Madrid. Gay groups were moving over the streets; there was unusual animation in that handsome, but sombre city; for the nobility of Spain had flocked to the "shows and hunting matches," for the purpose of seeing the chivalrous Prince Charles, and the gay duke, his companion. There stood, watching the brilliant crowd, a young painter; poor and obscure; none heeded him in the throng, and none saw the look of admiration that lit up his face, as he caught a glimpse of the beautiful features of the young prince. And, truly, that face was a fit study for a painter; the features were delicate, the regal brow high and white, the eye beaming with intellect, and the expression of the mouth sweetly sad. Nobility was impressed on every feature, but the young face was shadowed, as if with a bitter foreknowledge of its coming doom. Some faces seem to predict their destiny; and never did face tell its own, sad history so plainly, as that of the unfortunate Charles Stuart. But now it wore less of its usual sadness, for the young prince had just caught a glimpse of the lovely infant, wearing around her arm the blue ribbon by which she was to be recognised by her princely suitor. At the sight of that fluttering signal, his chivalrous heart beat high; no longer did memory linger over the image of the lovely Henrietta Maria, as she appeared in her youthful beauty, at the ball of the court of France.

Gazing with intense interest upon the young being before him, he murmured "thus I've come to woo, and thus I will win her."

The young painter, who had so earnestly regarded the prince, wandered in silence over the gay streets, in the hope of again seeing that face, whose manly beauty had inspired him with a desire to transfer its grace to canvass, and, when twilight stole over the earth, disappointed, he entered the door of his humble dwelling. Two days after, and the painter was aroused from his work by the entrance of visitors, and, looking up, he met the very face that had eluded his search. The wish of his heart was thus unexpectedly realized; and he was engaged to paint the likeness of the prince, who was, himself, an enthusiastic lover and patron of the fine arts. The canvass was unrolled, and the palette prepared; and, whilst the gay duke rattled away to his companion, the painter became so deeply engrossed in his work, that he heeded not his tones. Thus was commenced that celebrated picture, whose history is a romance in itself, and whose adventures are even more remarkable than were those of the diamond seal of Charles, which, after having passed through all kinds of vicissitudes, found a home at last in the court of a Persian monarch.

The painter saw but little of his royal sitter; for, between shows and dances, tilting matches and tournaments, he had not many moments

unoccupied. Charles certainly had no idea of acting upon the advice of King James, who, in writing to his son and Buckingham, says: "my sweet babies, for God's sake and your dear dad's, putte not youre selfis in hazairde, by any violent exercise, as lang as ye are thaire," for we hear of him gallantly bearing off the ring, in the presence of the lady of his love, and the assembled court. Deeply interested in his work, the painter left not his studio, and the next intelligence he received was, that the prince and Buckingham had abruptly departed. Whatever may have been the object of others in that celebrated visit, with Charles there was but one feeling. Young and romantic, from the far past there was wafted to "youth's Hesperian shore," faint music of the days of chivalry; with him that glorious sun had not yet set, and, gladly listening to the suggestions of Buckingham, he went forth—not after the manner of princes—but to woo in person. But the visit was ended; and, sadly, the princely suitor turned from the city, the object of his mission unfulfilled; and, when night stole over the earth, and quiet rested, like a spell, over the late noisy city, the deserted infanta, as she watched the moon arise that was to light the prince on his journey, murmured, in a tearful voice, "ah, if he had loved me, he had not left me." Lovely infanta, well has it been said, that thou and thy princely suitor were but two beautiful ivory balls in the hands of great players.

The picture progressed, and, at length, was completed. With true fidelity had the features of the royal original been portrayed; life itself seemed to start from the canvass; and as the light played around it, appeared instinct with animation. The prince was depicted in armour, decorated with the order of St.

George; one arm rested on a globe, the symbol of the world, indicating the extent of his kingly power, the left was resting on the hilt of his sword. Behind the figure swept a drapery of rich, yellow damask, crossed by red stripes, these being the national colours of Spain, and were symbolical of the contemplated union; by the folds of this drapery half of the globe was covered. In the back-ground were seen persons engaged in storming a fortress, which adjunct, it is supposed, was introduced to give to the picture an heroic aspect. The whole design was chaste and beautiful; and so exquisitely finished was one of the hands, that it has been pronounced, in itself, a perfect gem. Well might the painter, Velasquez, survey his work with pleasurable pride.

When next we hear of the picture, it is a dweller in one of the vaulted apartments of York House, the splendid residence of the duke of Buckingham. It had left the humble studio of the painter, and now looked down upon unrivalled scenes of splendour and royalty. It witnessed that gorgeous fête given on Sunday night to "their majesties and the French ambassador," an entertainment that cost many thousand pounds. It was a brilliant assemblage: lofty mirrors reflected the forms of cavaliers in crimson velvet suits, richly studded with gems; lovely women smiled in the glass upon their images, decked in gold brocade, jeweled head-dresses, and girdles forming a thick rope of pearl. Gem flashed back to gem its brilliant blaze; the chandeliers poured down a flood of light, and delightful music crowned the enchantment of the fairy-like display. But most gorgeous in that gorgeous scene, was the master of the fête. He wore a white, uncut velvet suit, studded with diamonds, valued at

four-score thousand pounds; his feather drooped with its weight of brilliants, and adorned, in like manner, was his sword and spurs. But, ah! how darkly set the sun of the lives of many of the partakers of that joyous scene. Who heard, mingling with the glad melody around, the wild shriek that told the stab had been fatal, that pierced the heart of the courtly Buckingham. Who, as they gazed upon the young prince, saw the dark doom, that even through the lapse of ages, fills us with pity and horror; who heard, in the gay crowd, that solemn "remember," as the kingly head rolled on the scaffold?

When next the pictured face looks upon us, it is from the walls of the drawing-room of the earl of Fife, but how it came into his possession is not known. The pictures of the elder Buckingham were sold to maintain the second duke during his exile; they were bought principally by foreigners, but who became the purchaser of the celebrated picture has not transpired. In the house of the earl of Fife, it also witnessed scenes of gayety and mirth, but on a far less magnificent scale than the splendid fêtes of York house.

Now comes another change: when next we hear of it, it decorates the drawing room of an upholsterer, in London. Here, too, what different scenes it must have looked down upon; and can we not fancy it reading to the humble inmates a lesson on the insecurity of earthly grandeur, and telling of the "uneasiness of the head that wears a crown," and the short steps from the throne to the scaffold?

The upholsterer dies; again the unfortunate picture changes hands, and next decorates the walls of a picture dealer. For twenty-four years it remained quietly at Radley Hall; then came a sale, and for £8

the picture was purchased by a lover of the art. If the former possessors knew not the value of their treasure, the present owner did. Enthusiastic and unsparing in his efforts, he had traced back the wonderful history of this picture, and triumphantly proved that this was the very portrait for which Prince Charles had sat to Velasquez, in 1623, and which, to the world of art, was supposed lost. Then ensued a war of words, which continued for several years. By many it was asserted to be the production of Vandyke, who, having studied under Rubens, his style could easily be mistaken for that of Velasquez, who also received some instructions from that great painter. Fifty-one pamphlets were written to prove its genuineness, and, by evidence, not to be doubted, the fact was established, that this was the justly celebrated and "long lost Velasquez;" and the fortunate possessor was the owner of a picture, around which clustered more historical interest than any other painting in the world. Its genuineness once proved, the owner, Mr. Snare, a bookseller of Reading, commenced its exhibition. For several years it was exhibited in England, where it attracted a crowd of spectators, and, in 1849, it was carried to Scotland. But the adventures of this celebrated picture were not yet concluded; for, while it was being exhibited in Edinburg, there arrived a procession, headed by the sheriff's clerk, accompanied by the agent of the earl of Fife's trustees. They demanded the picture as having been stolen, about forty years previous, from the estate of the earl of Fife. In vain were expostulations or entreaties; in vain did the owner assert that he bought it honestly, the prince was rudely torn down, and borne off in triumph. After two month's detention, the picture was again restored to its

possessor; but the case was carried into the Scottish courts, and, after a long and tedious trial, which greatly impoverished the owner, he gained his cause.

For the lovers of the curious have we sketched the adventures of this picture, which so forcibly brings to

mind the tragic ending reign of the unfortunate Charles the First, unfortunate in all things, save that resignation which enabled him, after a chequered life, to lay his "dis-crowned head" submissively on the block, and yield his spirit, trustingly, to the God who gave it.

SILENCE.

I.

Have I told too much? henceforth, I think,
I will keep, if I can, my heart locked up,
And the world shall see as I tip the brink,
Only that part of the jeweled cup,
Where the bubbles wink:

II.

But the deep red tide it shall not see,
I will drain it myself, with but one to share,
And the jewels that star the bottom shall be,
Not for a world which does not care,
But for one who loves me.

III.

For I know not why, when I tell my thought,
It seems as though I had flung it away,
And I know not why, when I've wrought and wrought,
To stamp a dream in words of clay,
It seems to me—nought!

As one, who walks beside the sounding sea,
And hears that voice that never is at rest;
Watching the foam upon each rising crest,
That sinketh ever helplessly;

I wander, hearing one sad memory
That will not rest, but murmurs at my heart;
Watching the fitful fancies, where they start,
And sink forever hopelessly.

HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY.

When a man undertakes to collect from the wealth of English poetry "whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language," he is supposed to have surveyed, with an impartial eye, the merits of all such poems, to have judged and condemned them on their merits alone. He is supposed to have prepared himself by study and conscientious labour for the task he has undertaken; to have spared no pains to become acquainted with the writers of every century and of every climate, to have written in the English tongue.

These are the slightest requisitions that are demanded of him who undertakes so great a task. There are others heavier, wider in their range, calling for a rare and exquisitely nice judgment, and a truly Catholic impartiality of feeling; qualities so difficult to be found, that the public mind is ready to overlook any deficiency in these respects.

It is not enough that the collector of such a work present to us all the best poems with which he is acquainted. In such an undertaking ignorance is a sin and an injustice; there is a responsibility assumed by the collector which must be discharged. This responsibility is owed to the author, whom he neglects, equally with the people, whom he deceives; and where this responsibility is disregarded, the work is faulty, and criminally faulty. A man of candid and honest mind might well shrink from a task so weighty, even with the fullest desire to do justice to all; for such a man would see how many and how vast are the

difficulties, how incomplete, at the best, must be the performance.

Incomplete we know it must be. Any one who examines the periodical literature of the day, must be struck with the vast number of poems on all subjects, of really superior merit; poems worthy of remembrance and record, which yet perish from the poetical literature of the language. So wide is the diffusion of the waters of

Poesy's unfailing river

That through Albion winds forever.

A considerate public will not require the rescue of all these scattered poems; but it will require that all poems uttered to the world in a more permanent form, all collected works of authors recognized as poets in any English-speaking country, should be examined at least, and place assigned them in the *Household Book of English Poetry*.

These are such obvious considerations that they must occur to every one who contemplates the subject with a moderate degree of attention; least of all should it seem necessary to impress such a consideration upon the man who undertakes such a task. Yet precisely these conditions are the ones overlooked by Mr. Charles A. Dana, in his *Household Book of Poetry*, published within the past few months. There is much affected candour in the preface of this work, and an apparently honest declaration of the compiler's intention "to judge every piece by its poetical merit solely, without regard to the name, nationality or epoch of its author." How far Mr. Dana was qualified for the performance of his undertaking, how

correct was his taste, how extensive his knowledge, how fair and honest his intention of doing justice to all, we have no means of deciding, other than is afforded us by the result of his labours. Judging by that result, he has proved himself wanting in *every* qualification required for the task. Those who know nothing of Mr. Dana's antecedents, may be surprised that he should have entered upon a labour to which he has proved himself so lamentably incompetent; but those acquainted with his true status in the world of literature, will be in no way surprised at his failure. He is one of the countless hangers-on to the skirts of literature—one of those who make literature a trade, and are ready to undertake any thing from a Cyclopædia to a Primer, for a consideration. These men are the reproach of literature, and bring reproach upon the cause of good letters; they bear the same relation to learning that hypocrites do to religion, and are as little accessible to shame. The race can lay claim to a venerable antiquity; their prominent traits have been drawn with a masterly hand by Rome's great satirist:

Quem vis hominem secum attulit ad nos;
Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor
alipes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus :
omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens in caelum, jusseris,
ibit.

In looking over the table of contents of this Household Book of Poetry, which is "designed to show the incomparable riches of our language in this department of literature," we observe that the number of translations from foreign tongues is very great. This we regard as a very serious fault of the work; for, however good the translation, all the essential credit due to a translated work, is due to the author only. We cannot

think that the sonnets of Michael Angelo, the odes of Horace and Anacreon, are in any sense to be credited to their English translators. We know what we are giving up in adhering to this opinion, but we are satisfied of its justice, and console ourselves with the unbounded wealth of really English literature that is left to us. A collection of English poetry, we insist, should contain what it purports to contain, purely English poems, and none other. The weakness inseparable from translations, their sickly, hot-house fragrance and foreign air, render them unworthy of a place in the best literature of any tongue. The best English translation extant, the authorized version of the Bible, does but imperfectly represent the sublimity and beauty, the fitness and perfect harmony of the original tongues; and we receive that translation, not as the fully adequate representative of its originals, but as the best representative attainable for our use. Aside from the foreign origin of translations, there are many objections against receiving them into the body of the best literature of a country. They never do full justice to the author they represent; their ideas, if there be any thing vital in them, are foreign to those who read them, and when they are translated in verse, every thing is sacrificed to the rhyme and the stanza. What person of taste would accept Pope's Iliad as Homer's? or Dryden's Æneid as Virgil's? It is worthy of remark that our poets of the greatest genius have uniformly abstained from translating. The number of translations in this volume, as we have said, is very great, and selected, we must think, with very little discernment. There is one poem from Goethe, one from Schiller; Salis, Luther, Müller, and two or

three more, represent the whole of German literature in these translations. Petrarch is entirely unrepresented. Filicaja, Monti, whose noble ode on Napoleon was admirably translated a few years since in the Dublin University Magazine, and all Italian writers, with the exception of Michael Angelo, are entirely overlooked. French literature fares no better; in fact, many of the best translations from foreign languages have been neglected, without any excuse, since translations are admitted.

The extracts from English poets begin with Chaucer, as right was; but we have nothing from King James, of Scotland, whose verses on Lady Jane Beaufort, are known to all readers of English poetry; nothing from Gawain Douglas, or Skelton, whose piece to Mrs. Margaret Hussey surely is entitled to a place in the collection. Of the old English ballads, we find only Chevy Chase, and look in vain for Edem O'Gordon, or the Maid of Norway. Some few of Bishop Percy's collection we might surely expect to find in such a work as this. We find no place assigned to Donne, none to George Buchanan; the nearer we approach our own days, the more we find these instances of carelessness or ignorance increase upon us. Could Mr. Dana no where find the name and works of Thos. Lodge? Was there no space for even his lines on Love?

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;

If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be!

Extracts from large poems are, it seems, within the scope of Mr. Dana's design; yet we can find no mention of the author of *Hudibras*. The character of Rochester's poetry unfits the greater portion of it for perusal; but some of his songs, as that on *Constancy*, and the one beginning, "My dear mistress has a heart," are, beyond a doubt, worthy of notice even by Mr. Dana. Sir Charles Sedley, also, has a claim to consideration among the minor poets. Room might have been found, we should think, for some extract from Swift; we can hardly think much of a collection of English poetry which ignores his writings. Are there no readers of poetry to be pleased by Blair's *Grave*? If we could detect some clue to the element which has caused the rejection of so many poems from this work, we should be able to give Mr. Dana praise for consistency, or blame for inconsistency, in his selections; but, as often as we think we have discovered the reason of rejection, we are confounded by missing some other name to which our reason cannot apply. The truth seems to be that there is no system in the matter at all, but a sort of happy-go-lucky hit or miss rules the whole.

Young is no favorite of ours; nevertheless, he has an acknowledged position among poets, and many of his lines have passed into the common speech of the people:

"All men think all men mortal but themselves"—

"Be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer,"
"Procrastination is the thief of time."

The omission of such a writer is not to be excused. There is not a line from Thomson, or Dr. Johnson, or Macpherson; and there are passages of very respectable poetry in the writings of these three. Our labour increases upon us the farther we go, and the catalogue

of authors of recognised standing that have been passed over by Mr. Dana, is at least as long as the list of those he has admitted to the honours of his Pantheon. We feel grateful to him that he has allowed a place to Wordsworth and Shelley, and Pope; and we are astonished at finding Byron among the favoured. The caprice of this great Don, has no parallel but in the well known myth of the Sultan's handkerchief-tossing; he marches up and down through the centuries among the expectant poets, and chooses at his own sweet will the men on whom he will confer immortality of reputation. We grow weary of following his wandering steps; and our readers, we are satisfied, must think we are engaged in the demonstration of an axiom. We gather hastily these names of the later poets, well known to others, but forgotten by Mr. Dana in his valuable compilation; Leyden, James Grahame, George Crabbe, Rogers, Monk Lewis, Pollock, and Miss Landon. To commend these writers would be impertinent; to omit them from a collection of English poems is simply a piece of insolence.

If Mr. Dana has dealt so uncere- moniously with the acknowledged poets of England, his conduct with regard to those of America has been no less extraordinary. And it is in this portion of his work that his much-vaunted catholicity of taste is most lamentably found wanting. There was little to excite the small jealousies of the man against the English authors; they were simply names for which he entertained no other feeling than that it was comfortable to have so many upon whom he could draw for the filling up of his volume. We feel that we should be doing him injustice to suspect him of any other regard for the poets of Eng-

land. But the American poets are his countrymen; and he could not look upon their works without remembering sectional jealousies and political antipathies. He came to the consideration of their merits with the conviction that nothing worthy of notice could have been written by men who disagreed with him in politics, or lived a few degrees nearer the tropic. In his adherence to this conviction he has exhibited the only evidence of consistency to be found in his work. He has been blind to every evidence to the contrary.

Justice has been done to some of the poets of New England and the north; justice, ample, but not too great, for the merits of that noble band of writers, of whose fame every American is justly proud. We are bound to confess, that in the very full list of northern writers, there are some names, hitherto unknown, which yet deserve to be remembered. Such are C. G. Fenner, whose poem, entitled "Gulf-Weed," is a little gem; Ralph Hoyt, and Harriet W. List, who has written a piece, "Why thus longing?" of true poetical feeling. These are waifs, snatched from the waters; and everything so rescued is a cause for thankfulness. But we find the same wilful caprice even here, that presided at the selection of English writers. We miss the names of Andrews Norton, Sarah J. Hale, Mrs. Sigourney, John Neal, John Howard Payne, George P. Morris, and others honourably known.

But the most remarkable fact in the treatment of the American poets, is the entire silence preserved with regard to most of the poets of the southern States. To judge from the evidence afforded by this collection, there have not been, and are not in the southern country, any poets worthy of notice. That wide land is voiceless

and tuneless; there is there no scenery to kindle with its beauty, there are no noble recollections, no dear associations to rouse the spirit of song in a high-minded people; no refined taste to appreciate and follow the great masters of poetry; no homes to defend, no glories to be cherished, no minds to think, no hearts to love; the land is desolate and barren to the searching gaze of Charles A. Dana; "all silent and all damned."

We should be uneasy at this neglect, if the source from which it comes were worthy of consideration in itself; as we have shown it to be unworthy of credit in other matters, we hope to show the *animus* which has induced this neglect.

It is well-known that Mr. Dana writes and works with a lively sense of the all-embracing rule of the New York Tribune. Never does he forget that he must praise what pleases that journal and its readers, and hate what is odious to them.

The verdict of the Tribune is final to him in all matters of science, literature, art, politics, taste in dress, and cookery; the Tribune is his "source of English undefiled," his "law and rule of speech." The Tribune has pronounced upon Homer; Homer is annihilated; the Tribune sees no use in Latin and Greek; they are no more studied; the Tribune wears a white hat; black hats are unsaleable. These absurdities excite only the contempt of sensible men; but when the hired writers of such a journal undertake to foist upon the public a crude collection of trash side by side with the recognized works of some of the best writers in the English language, the public will hold them to account for what they have suppressed, and render them scorn for what is dishonestly thrust in.

We do not believe that any effort

whatever was made by Mr. Dana to become acquainted with the writers of the south; we readily comprehend that when he set about his task, he knew nothing of them. But knowledge was possible to him; if all our writers are not known in other parts of the country, many of them are. Any collection of American poets will be found to contain the names of Crafts, of Farmer, of Simms, of Grayson, of Holland, Timrod, Dickson, Charlton, Jackson, Pike, Adrian Rouquette, J. R. Thompson, T. Dunn English, J. E. Cooke, Jas. Barron Hope, Mrs. Dinwies, and Dr. Gilman. Have none of these a claim to be remembered among those who have enriched our language? We could extend the list greatly, but it would be to small purpose; those who really know anything of American literature will need no reminder from us.

There was wanting a climax to the insolent assumptions of this compiler; and that climax he afforded on the 23d of November of last year, by the publication of a letter in the Tribune, defending his conduct in the collection of his Household Book of Poetry. One passage of this letter we quote, as a literary curiosity; the idea of the jury of literary referees is certainly a novel one:

"There was born, somewhere among the Berkshire hills, some sixty years ago, a person now residing in or near New York, known as William Cullen Bryant, who writes verse that most of us accept as poetry. There was born, or, at least, there lives, somewhere in South Carolina, another writer, sometimes in verse, denominated William Gilmore Simms. Mr. Bryant edits an anti slavery newspaper; Mr. Simms upholds slavery; but this circumstance does not prove or disprove him a poet. We propose that some one who wishes to

test the worth of the clamour against the "Household Book," shall assemble—not a jury of New York or New England school-children, all of whom know something of Bryant's poetry, and nothing of Simms—but a dozen or so of Charleston negro-traders, under a pretence of consulting them about the purchase of live stock for a new Texas plantation, and having mellowed them into a cosy and confidential mood, ask casually if any of them ever heard of a poet named Bryant. Among these dozen will, doubtless, be found more than one who answers Byron's characterization of "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," with others, whose sin-stained, rum-soaked, tobacco-smirched visages give small token of literary culture or appetite; yet we do not believe one of them can be so ignorant, as not to know something of Bryant's poetry. Very likely, the dullest of them could hum you a stave of "Marion's Men," or, with kindling eye and gleaming countenance, recite a few lines of "The Evening Wind," or "Thanatopsis." Now, change the subject, and, in half an hour afterwards, ask if any of them chance to know aught of Simms' poetry, and note the look of vacuity or bewilderment that will travel around the circle: "Simms, eh? poet? No, sir; there's Col. Sims, down in Waxhaw, has a middling good plantation, and lots of hearty niggers—very likely, he would sell a dozen or two reasonable—but there isn't any *poet* Simms, that we ever heard of." And yet the circumstance that Mr. Gilmore Simms

does not figure in the "Household Book," is one main cause of the outcry against it as anti-southern and anti-slavery!"

If this very beautiful piece of composition mean anything, it means that the writer is as well qualified to judge of poetry as the very enlightened jury he has assembled; and this we are perfectly willing to concede. The truth is, that there is no antagonism in letters, however earnestly small-souled men may endeavour to arouse it.

Bryant's place in American literature is recognized by none more gladly than by ourselves; we never confound him with the ignoble crew who call themselves his companions. In regard to Mr. Simms, many words are not necessary. He is the first living writer of the south; known not only here, but in the whole country, and abroad, wherever American literature is known at all. With a high heart, he has maintained at all times, and in all places, the honour of his native land; and he has conferred honour by his genius on the whole country. His fame rests upon the solid foundation of real and indisputable merit, and time can but make it more bright.

Only one conclusion is possible with regard to Mr. Dana; that he began his task with a deliberate purpose to prove false to his duty as an honest collector.

That purpose he has kept; and his preface stands recorded against him as a proof of his shameless and unblushing effrontery, before all men.

BERANGER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

There is no more charming book than this record of the master-singer, written by his own hand. It is true, it is but a sketch; but a sketch drawn by a hand so true, so firm and steady that we enter at once into an acquaintance with the subject. It is well said that his life is a commentary on his songs; it may be added, an indispensable commentary. The life of Béranger is the history of modern France. Never did the life of any man so illustrate the saying, "Give me the making of a people's songs, and let who will make the laws." The humble poet, living in his proud independence, was the centre of a power that each successive government of France regarded with uneasiness, and spared no pains to conciliate. His songs are the expression of the hopes, the regrets, the memories of the old glories, the longing for the dreams of the future of the French people; the life of France is written in them. The careless gaiety of the Frenchman of the older days alternates with that manlier tone of gravity and thoughtfulness, more and more strongly marked in the French character of the present day.

French critics remark the resemblance in life and fortune between Rousseau and Béranger. Both spring from the lowest rank of the people; both are without education; without advantages; both wait for their fortune a long time; both suddenly seize upon the first rank among writers, and in great measure represent the ideas and the

progress of their times. So far the parallel holds good; but how different the genius of the two! Rousseau, the apostle of anarchy, is hopeless and gloomy of soul as a lost spirit; intent upon that work before him, his eyes are never lifted from the ashes and the desolation; Béranger, leaving behind him the glory of the sunset not yet faded from the sky, walks with head erect, through the closing night, towards that dawn which shall surely rise ere long. How modestly the poet enters on the story of his life: "Great poets need no record of their lives to be handed down to after-time. Their lives are in the duration of their works, and they can but gain by the legends which the people fail not to cherish of the childhood, and the life of a favorite poet. Far otherwise is it with the song-writer, who is but an echo, more or less faithful, of the voice of his time. If, perhaps, his songs survive for a few years, the generation which follows him requires to know the circumstances of his life, and the causes of his inspiration. For a long time I had but one answer to make to my friends, who urged me continually to write the memoir of my life:

"Of what use would be the history of a man who was nobody in an age when so many persons have been, or believed themselves to be of importance?" But I was always told: "Your life, written by yourself, would be the best commentary on your songs." At last I yielded, and noted down these re-

* *Ma Biographie. Ouvrage Posthume de P. J. de Béranger, suivie d'un appendice. Troisième Edition. Paris, Perrotin, Libraire. 41, Rue Fontaine Molle. 1859.*

collections. It will be seen that my part in the events of my time has been chiefly that of a spectator. I have looked upon power, as in my days of poverty, I watched the chances of a game, without envying those who held the cards. And in this indifference, neither disdain nor prudence had a part; I simply obeyed my humour. The reflections which will be found in my story will partake, therefore, the simple nature of the life which I have led. My history is no more than the history of a song-writer."

Béranger was born on the 19th August, 1780, in the Rue Montorgueil, in Paris, which city he would have chosen for a birth-place, he tells us. The house was standing a few years ago, but is now destroyed. His father was book-keeper to a grocer, his mother the daughter of a tailor. Beyond bringing him into the world, Béranger's parents seem to have done little for him. Six months after marriage, the father left Paris for Belgium, and his wife saw him no more until their child was nine years old. After the birth of the child, his mother being in feeble health, he was sent to Auxerre to be nursed, and remained there more than three years, without any inquiries being made whether he were well or ill. But the boy prospered, and at last his grandparents sent for him, and did their best to spoil him after the fashion of grand-parents. He had little taste for learning, and continued to play truant from school with extraordinary success. His grand-mother, he says, was fond of reading, and spent much time over Voltaire and the novels of Prévôt; while his grand-father delighted to read aloud the Abbé Raynal, then in high repute. The child's chief delight was to sit in a corner, drawing pictures, or making little bas-

kets of cherry stones, delicately carved, which were the admiration of all his friends.

His mother, after a time, went to live alone near the Temple, and her son went from time to time to spend some days with her. She took him to the theatres, the balls, and some times into the country. Every where he listened, but spoke very little. "I learned much," he says, "but I did not learn to read." It was at the beginning of the year 1789, that his father returned to Paris, and soon after the boy was sent to a boarding-school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, from the roof of which he saw the storming of the Bastille. This, he says, was the only instruction he received in the school. How he learned to read he never knew; but during that year he read the "*Henriade*," with notes, and the translation of the "*Jerusalem*;" both of which were given to him by an uncle who wished to give him a taste for books.

There are two anecdotes of his life at this school. The first relates to one of the unhappy victims of that profligate conqueror, Maurice de Saxe. This was an old man who often visited his grand-son, one of the scholars. On occasion of these visits, the old man would take his seat under a green arbour at the end of the garden; and little Béranger would steal down the garden-walks and watch him through the trellis work. Afterwards, he often wondered why it was that he did this; for he could have known nothing at that time of Favart, or his reputation.

The second is less pleasing. There were in the school two brothers Grammont, the sons of an actor of the Théâtre Français. The younger brother was a friend of Béranger's; but the older hated him for the favours he received

from the masters on account of his delicate health. One day there was a distribution of prizes; those for study fell to others, but the prize for good conduct, a cross, was given to Béranger. After the distribution, Béranger was looking out of the window at the display of fruits and cakes offered to the boys; he had no pocket money, and could only admire a splendid apple just within his reach. At the moment Grammont came behind him, thrust him half out of the window, and threatened to pitch him out unless he took the apple. Terror and appetite combined proved too strong for his virtue; but no sooner had he yielded than Grammont dragged him before the master and showed the model-boy of the school a detected thief. Happily, the character of his accuser being known, the truth was soon arrived at; but from that day, says the poet, "I conceived a disgust for apples, and lost something of my regard for crosses."

Béranger's father soon grew tired of paying his boarding, and withdrew him from school in time to save him from the frightful scenes of the Reign of Terror. He was sent to Péronne, his father's native place, where one of his aunts was to take charge of him. She received him doubtfully; read his father's letter, and then said: "It is impossible for me to take charge of him." The boy was but a little more than nine years old at his time; his grand-father, paralysed and in poverty, could not support him; his father threw him off, and his mother took no notice of him. He found himself rejected by every one. He says, truly, that such experiences ripen the character rapidly; it may be added that children do not always wait for such sharp lessons before they learn to think. But the good aunt could not long

resist the eloquence of the child's helpless condition; she welcomed the poor boy, and became a mother to him. When, many years after, she died, this epitaph was placed over her grave:

"She never was a mother,
But she has left children who mourn
her death."

She finished Béranger's instruction in reading, using as reading books Racine, Télémaque, and the plays of Voltaire, which composed her library. As long as the churches were open, his aunt took him regularly to service, and even put him to attend the priest at mass. But the young acolyte could not learn his Latin prayers, and on the whole acted so badly that one day the priest, finding the sacramental wine missing, hastily dismissed him and forbade his future attendance. The scape-grace desired nothing better.

If Béranger took little interest in his Latin, it was far otherwise with the mighty convulsion then shaking Europe. They could hear in Péronne the thunder of the English and Austrian cannon before Valenciennes; and when, at last, the guns were fired at the news of the capture of Toulon, young Béranger was on the rampart, and felt his heart beat so loudly at each report, that he was obliged to lie down on the grass to regain his composure. This intense patriotic feeling, so early developed, never grew weak; it has coloured Béranger's whole life, his songs, his judgment, even in matters of taste. He ascribes his dislike for Voltaire to the prejudices he perceived in him in favour of foreigners.

In May, 1792, Béranger was standing at the door of his aunt's house, during a thunder storm, when a bolt fell and struck him to the earth. His aunt carried him out into the rain, and after many

efforts, succeeded in bringing him back to consciousness. She had been often before greatly shocked by his want of devotion. It was her practice, during a storm, to sprinkle the house with holy-water; and this had often excited the ridicule of her nephew. His first words on returning to his senses, were, "Well, where's the good of your holy-water?"

After one or two attempts at learning different trades, Béranger entered a primary school in Péronne, which promised well but soon fell through. He next entered a printing office, under the advice of an excellent friend, Fénelon, who predicted that the boy would one day be heard of. While in this office, Béranger wrote verses, he says, "of the same length," measured by two ruled lines, and thought he was producing lines as harmonious as Racine's. There is encouragement in this anecdote for all budding poets.

When Béranger's father paid a visit to his sister, in 1795, he was shocked to find his son a fierce republican. He himself was a devoted royalist, and anxiously looked forward to the return of the Bourbons. At this time he was reunited to his wife, and not long after his visit, sent for his son to join him in Paris. There they dealt in exchange, and young Béranger displayed such talent for banking that his father was delighted, and prophesied that he would be the first banker in Paris. His father's royalist enthusiasm led him into the conspiracy of Brothier, which was frustrated by General Malo. He was arrested with others, and kept for some time in prison. His wife had died not long before, and his son was left alone in the world. It was at this time that the poet first saw Bonaparte, as he was cross-

ing the street in front of his house in the Rue Chantierine. It was after the first campaign of Italy. Béranger predicted to his companion that Bonaparte would make himself dictator.

Among the poorer customers of Béranger at this time, there was a poor woman, who, one day, told him her history. He has recorded the simple story in his memoirs; it might serve as an epitome of the lives of too many of the humble poor in Paris. A fleeting season of youth, a few short moments of happiness, followed by a long weary series of struggles, and toils and privations.

A change was near for the young man. In 1798 his father's house failed; and though for a year or more, Béranger had had little to do with the business, he was looked upon as in some measure guilty of the failure. Yet his habits were rigidly economical, and his indulgencies very few. In these painful circumstances, his poetical feeling became suddenly developed into a real and vigorous passion. He studied language and expression, and without ever having been able to master grammatical rules, made for himself an art of poetry which he never forgot.

Some friendly bankers, acquainted with the young man's ability, offered to lend him funds to re-establish him in business; but he steadily refused, having conceived a dislike to the profession which he could not overcome. He regretted now that he had not continued in the printing office.

During this transition state, the young man wandered about Paris, and took long walks in the country around, meditating under the shade of trees, and dreaming of the future. Before long his father opened a circulating library, in the Rue

St. Nicaire, and Béranger was set to attend in the place. Here he spent his time in rhyming and polishing verses; a quiet life, almost brought to a tragical close, one evening when he was returning to the house, by the explosion of the *infernal machine*.

The reverses of France during the two years preceding the 18th Brumaire, had filled Béranger's breast with sorrow; and the state of the public mind was at the lowest when Bonaparte returned from Egypt. Béranger was in his library when the news was received; more than thirty persons were present, and at the announcement, he says, all rose, and shouted aloud for joy. He who can produce such an effect—for the enthusiasm was equally great throughout France—is already master of a nation. When the Directory was overthrown, Béranger rejoiced with the rest; and gives as his reason that his patriotism was more strong than his political doctrine. Like Mazzini, his first desire was to be ruled by a Frenchman who could make France respected.

The Greek and Roman frenzy of the republicans was especially distasteful to Béranger, who writes like a sensible man on the ridiculous travesties of antiquity then so much in vogue. This affectation, so strong in Napoleon, has not yet quite passed away; Béranger quotes from the journals of 1840, describing the disinterment of Napoleon's remains, the phrase "*Ashes of Napoleon*;" on reading which, an honest old soldier exclaimed against the infidel English, who had burned the emperor.

In the first months of the Consulate, Béranger was anxious to join the army in Egypt. He was dissuaded from this course, without being convinced that it was wrong.

At this time he lived in a garret on the Boulevard St. Martin. "There," he says, "I enjoyed a beautiful view! In the evening I delighted to look out upon the vast city, and listen to the ceaseless tumult that rose from its streets." His life was happy, notwithstanding his uncertainty as to the future. It was enough to live alone, to be able to write and meditate verses at his ease. He wrote songs for the gay dinners with his friends, when their slender means permitted them to indulge. "How sweet," he exclaims with Horace, "to have one's friends!" Sometimes he wrote little vaudevilles and comedies; and his editor informs us that there exists a manuscript of 100 folio pages, containing studies really profound, on the Greek heroes, and written at this very period.

The conscription was a new cause of anxiety to Béranger, but the weak state of his health and his premature baldness saved him from being a soldier. But his condition was desperate; and at last, in the beginning of the year 1804, he wrote his well-known letter to Lucien Bonaparte. For two days he heard nothing; a third brought him a request to call on the senator Lucien. Lucien gave him his own pension as member of the Institute. The greater part of the sum, first received, Béranger gave to his father, and contented himself with the thousand francs yearly given to each member. The protection of Lucien was of great use to Béranger in procuring him a situation with the painter Landon, who was then making a collection of drawings of the paintings and statues of the Louvre. The ardent patriotism of the poet leads him to insist on the justice of the acquisition of those treasures of art then collected in the Louvre; and to

sneer at Wellington, who should have kept his moral lectures, he says, for the spoilers of India. Fanatical Frenchmen will be satisfied with the retort; no other men will venture to defend the conduct of Napoleon.

About this time Béranger read the "Genius of Christianity," which had such an effect upon him that he endeavoured, he says, to return to Catholicism, and read books of devotion. But all was in vain. He found what he had often asserted to be true; that reason is only of use to drown a man when he falls in the water. He makes some very just reflections on this subject. Every candid mind will feel the force of the following: "While I desire that a poet should prove himself religious when writing on religious subjects, I cannot endure that he should represent himself as filled with a faith which he has not. True devotion is not deceived by this pretence, and the speciousness of the device does not prevent the poet himself from proving faithless to it. He should possess sufficient moral unity to place his sincerity beyond the reach of suspicion."

Among his literary attempts at this time, Béranger began a poem on Clovis, wrote a pastoral and some idyls; and made new endeavours to succeed in comedy. On this latter subject he makes very just remarks; and we are glad to have his authority to support us in our opinion of the merits of Regnard; "an author," says Béranger, "who would have been the first of modern comic writers if Molière had not been given to us."

In 1807, Béranger made a small collection of poems, and dedicated it to prince Lucien Bonaparte, who had been in exile for some years. But the censorship treated the dedication so harshly that Béranger re-

signed his intention of publishing. Landon, having almost finished his drawings, at this time, had no further occupation for Béranger, who found himself reduced again to his thousand francs. At the same period he lost his father; and soon after his sister entered a convent.

When the Imperial University was founded, Béranger was offered a choice of two situations, one at two thousand, the other at three thousand francs salary. He chose the former on account of the greater liberty it allowed; but he did not obtain more than a thousand francs after all. He was content; being much more busy with his studies in style and poetry than with the means of living. His labours to acquire fit expression were incessant and painful; for he studied by himself and had no assistance. "Many," he writes, "succeed without labour and without pains; but these are men of genius, and who has a right to consider himself a genius?" This is partly just, but not wholly so. It is a dangerous mistake to allow that genius can dispense with labour; the very contrary is true. With genius, as with every other quality of mind and heart, where much is given much also will be required. And this should never be forgotten.

The year 1813 marks the commencement of Béranger's reputation, when he was beginning to resign himself to the prospect of never attaining to reputation. In the midst of his other labours, he had never ceased writing songs, and at last manuscript copies of the "Sénateur," the "Petit Homme Gris," the "Gueux," and above all, the "Roi d'Yvetot" made his name known. This last, which was not printed when the rest were, attracted the particular attention of the imperial government—at first put upon a wrong scent. "In spite of the

polish of the verses and the exactness of the rhyme," says Béranger, "this piece was attributed to some persons of high position." To save those persons, Béranger communicated his name to the government, and no further notice was taken of the lines.

Béranger congratulates himself, in this portion of his work, on having withstood the evil influence which the air of luxury and fashion in the upper ranks of society exercises on the force and originality of a young mind. "How many noble thoughts," he says, "how many generous designs are blighted in that sickly atmosphere!" It is impossible to suspect the honesty of the poet's belief in what he here writes; we must, therefore, conclude that it is the weakness of his moral force which permitted him to entertain so shallow an idea. A character, conscious of innate strength, could never have uttered such a feeble commonplace. Probably Béranger knew himself best; and the temptations of luxury were so irresistible to him that he felt his safety to be in flight. It is very often found that the simplicity and modesty of men is but a state of being forced upon them by circumstances, like the abstinence of the savage so long as there is nothing for him to eat. Béranger was wise to withdraw, but he was not wise to take up a senseless cry against a condition of life which he confessed himself unequal to comprehend.

So retiring was Béranger in his way of life and his manners, that his friend Arnault, who wished to introduce him to the society known as the "Caveau," was obliged to make his arrangements in secret, and introduced Béranger under pretence of dining at a restaurant. Once introduced, he became the delight of the society; as their rule

did not allow the election of any one while present, Béranger was thrust behind the door, with a glass of wine and a biscuit in his hand; and the election was unanimous. From that day his reputation began to spread more and more through Paris and through France.

An old dislike to literary societies returned upon Béranger on further acquaintance with the Caveau. The discussions of the members were not always free from bitterness; and their tone of gaiety was very often affected. When the last convulsions of the Empire came on, these differences increased, and Béranger withdrew from the fellowship. Béranger's account of the capitulation of Paris, signed by Marmont, is full of the bitterness we might expect in so fierce a patriot. We sympathise with him in his anger at the triumph of the enemies of his country; but must distinctly refuse any credence to the charge of treason which he brings against Marmont. A position more difficult and more painful than that marshal occupied cannot readily be conceived. He was at once commandant of Paris, and a general of Napoleon; at once a Frenchman bound to act for his country, and a soldier bound to obey his military head. It is plain that his patriotism got the better of his allegiance, and those may blame him who admire the Judgment of Brutus.

The poet does justice to the conduct of the victorious enemies who now occupied Paris. He describes them as courteous, considerate, generally tender of the feelings of the vanquished; on these points all accounts are agreed.

The fault of the entire submission of the French, Béranger charges on the Emperor, who had gagged the press and silenced all free discussion of politics, so that

the principles of the Revolution were quietly put out of sight. And this is true, we all know; but could Napoleon do otherwise? A free press and free discussion of politics coëxisting with such an iron despotism! By what sleight of hand could an equal balance be adjusted between such powers?

Béranger was present at the entry of Louis XVIII. The procession, he says, was mean and trivial to eyes accustomed to the pomp of the imperial shows. The principal honours of the day were borne by the remnant of the Old Guard, which immediately followed the royal carriages. As they drew near, grim, war-worn, marching gravely and sadly as if ashamed of the white cockades they bore, the cry rose on every side, "Vive la garde impériale." And this continued during the progress of the procession.

The portion of the biography relating to this period of humiliation for his country, is the least pleasing for the evidence it affords of the prejudices, and bitter unreasoning hatred of Béranger against all who dared to think Napoleon what he really was. He never loses an opportunity of reflecting on the English; and too often in a petty spirit, that is saddening to his reader. He is shamefully unjust to M'me de Staël; and even goes so far as to say, what is by no means true, that her literary reputation is greater than she deserved.

"I never knew M'me de Staël, and never desired to know her. Although endowed by nature with superior intellect and talent, her fortune and position have, none the less, combined to exaggerate her literary reputation beyond her merits. Napoleon had disdained to make her his Egeria; the fall of the great man was a joy to the heart of this

woman. And, in her saloons, she was never weary of honouring our enemies who had ruined us."

That Napoleon disdained M'me de Staël, is utterly false; that he feared her is undeniable. That man must indeed be prejudiced who is unwilling to allow the fearless spirit with which this great woman refused to bend before that will which bent all France. Others preferred exile to submission; but not one to whom Paris was dearer, and exile more weary and more bitter.

It was at the end of the year 1815 that Béranger became intimate with Manuel and introduced into the society of the most wealthy. Even in that society he was never ashamed of his poverty. To confess one's poverty is almost to be rich, he writes; since it justifies every economy, and conciliates the good feeling of woman, and consequently secures one's position. It was at this period that he really fixed upon his career as a songwriter; he found that he was born a poet, and a poet made to sing. He took his part resolutely, and no longer tried his powers in different species of writing; for he was satisfied that his vocation was for songs only. He says: "I have been rewarded beyond the desert of my writings." The legitimist party, which has always judged me, as an author, with kindness, has accused me of having contributed, more than any other writer, to the overthrow of the dynasty imposed upon us by the foreigner. I accept the accusation as an honour for myself and a glory for my songs."

Béranger's plan for obtaining advice as to the merits of his poems was very ingenious. When he was asked to sing, in some company, he watched narrowly, while he sang, the slightest words or movements of those who listened to him; and according to the indications of ap-

proval or dissatisfaction, he corrected his piece. Sometimes he went to a friend, as occasionally to Méri-mée, who, he says, has made him pass some disagreeable evenings in correcting verses. But so great a proof of friendship is not to be expected from all men; some admire everything written by those they are attached to. Let the impatient ponder the following passage:

"Much time was necessary to me in order to complete a second volume of songs, for I have never composed more than fifteen or sixteen songs in a year; some of them in a few hours, but the greater number with care and very slowly; and many years have been far from this fertility. I only make verses at my pleasure, and sometimes six or eight months have passed without producing a single line, and that even at the time when I was most busy. Now that the tree is old, the fruit becomes more and more rare; what shall I do when it fails altogether? No doubt I shall die."

Béranger was always ready to sing, either with his friends of the opposition, or with those attached to the government. Among his auditors were many celebrated men, such as Barante, Mounier, Guizot and others; Anglès, prefect of police, was often among the party. One day, while seated at table with such a company, the prefect received a report which informed him that Béranger had been singing his anarchical songs at the house of M. Bérard. The prefect showed the letter, with great glee; "and it is clear," says Béranger, "that the prefects of police at that time were occasionally men of sense."

In 1821 he published two volumes of songs, old and new—a step which cost him his place in the office of Public Instruction. This

had been anticipated, and his friends of the liberal party had urged him to publish, and encouraged him by subscribing freely to his volumes. But when the pinch came, one after another withdrew his subscription, in hopes to deter him from publication. But he was firm; Manuel stood by him and Bérard and others aided in every way, and the volumes appeared in October, from the press of Firmin Didot. The sale was rapid beyond all calculation, and the two modest volumes produced an income which placed the poet at once beyond the reach of want. He was even rich, for he had few necessities and many friends. Then came the prosecution against the seditious and immoral poet; in which the chief advocate displayed great talent, says Béranger, and an eloquence which sometimes bordered on the absurd; as when, quoting the song "Le Bon Dieu," he exclaimed, "Is this the manner in which Plato spoke of the Divinity?" Béranger was sentenced to three months in prison, and a fine of five hundred francs. His place of imprisonment was Sainte Pélagie, in the room which Paul Louis Courier had just left. With his happy temperament, Béranger found the confinement not only tolerable, but even agreeable after a time. When his term was nearly expired, a second prosecution was brought against him, which, however, failed. This was a severe check to the laws against the press, since the publication of such decisions could not but increase the number of works written against the government. In 1828, a proof of this was furnished by the process then instituted against Béranger. The very day of his condemnation, the government paper of the evening published all the condemned songs, and complaint having been

made of this, one of the papers justified the publication by reference to the decree of 1822, which left every one free to reprint those songs.

In 1825, a third volume was published by *Ladvoat* M. de Villèle was then prime minister, and Béranger feared no new prosecution. Notwithstanding the police required certain alterations, some of which Béranger would not submit to. *Ladvoat* took a middle course, printed half the edition complete, and half with the required alterations, and thereby offended both Béranger and the police. But the affair was gently dealt with.

In 1827, his friend Manuel died. That virtuous and high-souled patriot had not ceased to use his influence with his friends for the cause of constitutional liberty in France, and never manifested any thing like impatience at the neglect of his claims on the gratitude of his countrymen. On his death-bed, he said to Béranger: "You believe a revolution is at hand—and so do I; but, my friend, where shall France find men worthy to govern her?" And this he said in all honesty, not thinking himself superior to those whom he judged unworthy.

The death of his friend brought Béranger into closer relations with the younger men of the day; and their more expanded ideas agreed with those familiar for so long a time to the poet. A fourth volume of the songs appeared in 1828, and was the signal for a new prosecution. He was at Havre when he heard of this suit and returned soon after to Paris to prepare for his defence. Dupin, who had defended him in 1822, was now a Deputy, and Béranger refused to allow him to take his cause in hand. The advocate he selected was Barthe,

who displayed great zeal and devotedness in his behalf. The government, anxious to avoid the discussions and the publication of arguments and the songs, proposed to Béranger through M. Laffitte to decline pleading, in which case the least possible penalty would be inflicted. Béranger refused, of course, and was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, and ten thousand francs fine.

During the first four months of his detention, Béranger's health was feeble, but he would not ask to be removed, abiding gallantly the chance of the war he was waging with the government. While he was confined in *La Force*, Victor Hugo called to make his acquaintance, and soon after brought Saint Beuve to see him. After them came Alexander Dumas, then fresh from his first success at the Theatre. "Their visits," says Béranger, "were the rewards of all the struggles I had made in favour of the literary revolution which they and their friends had undertaken, and which was really no more than a later consequence of the political and social revolution. The retrograde tendency of some of the ideas of this school, long since repudiated by our older and younger liberals, had not prevented my admiring the lyrical genius of Hugo, and the "Meditations" of Lamartine, whom I did not know till long after."

We readily comprehend what this retrograde tendency was, in the eyes of the fanatical Béranger. Difficult indeed it was for him to reach the grandeur and wider sweep of thought of the two great poets he so lightly criticises. The progress that was tranquil, and the product of sounder ideas meditated by the people, seems not to have been intelligent to him; he listens always for the drums and the

measured tread of the soldiers of the Republic; he looks for the flight of the eagles with the national colours.

When his term of imprisonment closed, the government was fearful of a great public reception of the poet, and he was quietly dismissed from the prison early in the morning. At this time age was fast approaching upon him. Not long after his liberation, Béranger was gratified by the request of Chateaubriand to be introduced to him. This, he says, was the highest literary reward he could have looked for. Chateaubriand conceived a warm affection for him, and in the most generous manner assisted him with his purse at a time when Béranger was in some embarrassment.

Constantly in communication with the chiefs of the liberal party, Béranger claims to have contributed more than any one of them to events of the Revolution of July. After the triumph of the popular principle over the legitimate principle, he deemed his work at an end, his part fulfilled. "It seemed to me," he says, "that a period of repose was necessary for the nation, in which to consider its work; and

as for the men whom power was beginning to dazzle and confound, I perceived from the very first that I had nothing, in common, with them. I withdrew to my retreat, whither many of them did not fail to seek me out."

Age did not cool the republican ardour of Béranger. The last words of his autobiography show the sincerity and fire of that patriotism which was to him a real religion.

"After having doubted my own powers through my whole life, it would be sad to be obliged to doubt others before I die. Happily, I have sufficiently well studied the actual progress of the world to draw from it a consoling reflection in spite of the predictions of evil which multiply on all sides. The triumph of equality is preparing in Europe, and it will be the glory of my dear, native land to have first recognised, at the cost of the greatest sacrifices, the government of the democracy, sustained by the laws which are the need of us all. I may, therefore, render thanks to God for the hopes which He gives me for the cause that I have served; that cause which shall have my last wishes and my last songs."

PARTING.

We part, then? 'Tis a bitter word.

Must it, indeed, be so?

Then I am calm; with pulse unstirr'd

I freely go.

Only, remember what has been'

And I, who call thee mine;

Courage and trust, though no more seen,

Will ne'er resign.

FACTS, ANECDOTES, INTERESTING QUOTATIONS, AND LITERARY ESTRAYS,
ENCOUNTERED IN THE BY-WAYS OF READING.

NO IV.

Reader, now I send thee, like the bee, to gather honey out of flowers and weeds; every garden is furnished with either, and so is ours.—*H. Smith.*

Our readers have, probably, surmised that this series is of editorial compilation, and intended to supply the place of original articles, which are occasionally precluded by the unavoidable restrictions of our form of publication. With more space than is usually allotted to this department, we refer to our port folio, in the hope, that whilst indulging our own taste in the selection, we may also contribute to the gratification of our readers. The first paper which we open recalls the memory of a highly-gifted man, who has long since passed from amongst us, and, copying from his own manuscript, we believe that we present an extract from a poem which has never before been published. It is entitled the "Baptism of Love," to which the following note is prefixed: The Latin word, *amore*, contains all the qualities essential to connubial happiness—*amore*, in love, *more*, in manners, *ore*, in beauty, *re*, in substance. A somewhat fanciful strained conceit, which was probably suggested by Middleton, in his "Family Love," when he says:

Hear me exemplify Love's *Latin* word,
As thus: hearts joined *amore*: take *a*
from thence,

Then *more* is the perfect moral sense;
Plural in manners, which in thee do
shine

Saint-like, immortal, spotless and divine:
Take *m* away, *ore*, in beauty's name,
Craves an eternal trophy to thy fame.

But to our poem:

THE BAPTISM OF LOVE.

Twas in a lovely bower below
Old Ida's high and lofty brow,

That Venus called the Graces three
To name the boy of mystery;
Buoyant on the Zephyr light,
Came the sisters to the rite,
While their robes, that wanted free,
Seemed an aerial drapery;
And every gale its joy confest,
While as the sward they scarcely prest,
That floating drapery they kist.
They came with laughter-loving eye,
Where yet lurked pity covertly,
Coily demure, demurely coy—
They came to name the mystic boy.
Yet brighter, 'mid their brightness seen,
Among them stood their beauteous

queen,
As when the diamond sheds its blaze
'Mid pearls that lend their mellow rays.
With them there stood a stalwart knight,
In proudly glittering armor dight.
With timid glance the sisters viewed
The form that towering by them stood,
Like some tall pine that soars to heaven,
By storms unbowed, by bolts unripen,
'Mid willows that to every blast,
Wave and make reverence as it past.
His crimson plumes—his awful brow
The fire that shone and flashed below—
The lip that proud defiance curled,
The form that battle's thunders hurled,
When he rode its tide in his stemless car
Proclaim the potent God of War.
And these each much admiring maid,
With swift retiring glance surveyed.
The father of that child of joy.
He came to name the mystic boy.
A golden censer Venus brought
Of faithful lover's pledges wrought,
With nature's sweetest odours fraught,
With every flower, by hill or dale,
That throws its fragrance on the gale;
Glowing with eastern spicery,
With fervent breath of Araby,
With lover's sighs of extacy—
The honied stores of Hybla, too,
Into the mystic cup she threw—
Then bade the incense high aspire,
And lit the chalice with Desire.
In clouds at first the smoke ascends,
Mounts high and with the curtain blends,
That round old Ida's summits hung
About its sides its drapery flung,
Now lingering curling 'mid the trees
A wondrous show the conclave sees.
A temple there its wavings framed;
Now shooting high the incense flamed;
First, a broad base of brilliant light,
Then, glancing up in figures bright
Upon the fane, in streams of glory,

He read, inscribed, the word *AMORE*.
 This be thy name the mother cried,
 The Fates have to my prayer replied;
 If right I read, the mystic name
 Doth first thy secret power proclaim.
 Fierce as the beams which scorch the
 sands,

Where Lybia's sultry waste expands,
 But lasting as the eternal mounds
 That winter rears on Scythia's bounds.
 Next, come thy bland and soft effects,
 Thy power to gentler mood directs,
 Tames the rude lion in his wrath
 And leads him in thy genial path.
 Then read, if rightly I divine,
 Thy triumphs and thy living shrine,
 The fire that in thy fane burns high,
 Is lit at Beauty's beaming eye,
 And Beauty's breath with incense rife,
 The breeze that fans that flame to life!"

And what is this paper? The
 "Hermytte of Drowsihedde!" A
 pleasingly suggestive title, and one
 that finds the weak side of our char-
 acter. If any mortal joy be dear to
 our heart and soul, it is that deli-
 cious state of calm repose natural
 to the man whose conscience is void
 of offence, and his cigar pure
 Spanish. Let us hear the reverend
 hermit:

"I am not without taste. I love
 all objects of beauty which are just
 in themselves, and do not challenge
 my admiration. I am pleased with
 painting and statuary; but I have
 no passion for connoisseurships. It
 is enough that I am pleased. I
 never give myself any concern to
 inquire into the sources of my plea-
 sure. Criticism vexes me. It is a
 sort of cant which is particularly
 annoying, as it continues to keep
 its tongue going, even while its
 head is shaking—a duplexity of of-
 fence which is least forgiveable.
 If I hear of pictures to be shown,
 I go at hours when no one else is
 expected. I lay myself at length
 on the sofa, and enjoy my visions at
 my ease. Beauty comes slowly to my
 sight—by piece-meal—in momen-
 tary glimpses—a spiritual dawning,
 as it were, evolved slowly, even as
 a spectre from the blue misty va-
 pour in which it rises from the

shroud. So faint, at first, are these
 glimpses, that they momentarily es-
 cape me. I must look twice, and
 thrice, and rub my eyes, and avert
 them to other objects before I can
 recall the loveliness which has
 twinkled before my sense, like one
 of those subtle mental images,
 which dart through the medium of
 half shut eye and excited fancy.
 In these contemplations I find my
 chief delight—if any of my emo-
 tions deserve so strong an epithet.
 All faculties of thought and sense,
 at such moments, seemed crowded
 into one. It is not only that the
 eye sees, but the ear hears, and the
 touch is awakened by a kindred
 pressure, and the nostril takes in
 rare odours, and the lip freshens
 with delicious sweets. The mind
 shares in these five-fold inspira-
 tions. Thought grows lively and
 spiritual. The soul kindles, and the
 whole nature is awakened to a con-
 sciousness, which leaves earth pros-
 trate, while the better man—the
 god man—rises, as from his tomb
 —feels the wings growing to his
 shoulders, and expands into the in-
 finite, which is his true world.
 This pleasure is not provoked sim-
 ply by exquisite displays of art.
 If I repose beneath the solemn
 swinging pines—if I rest beside one
 of our deeply shaded rivers—I am
 soon made sensible of the same
 life and influences. I hold my
 breath to see the shadows of the
 forest part, to hear the audible
 murmurs of spirits that, wrapping
 themselves in softest breezes, chaunt
 together as they pause for rest in
 the tops of venerable trees."

These are wholesome words, we
 think. This Hermit has a faith in
 him not entirely solitary, it seems;
 he seems of our kind, with a more
 delicate perception, and a power of
 speech. We will read this next
 passage, as a seemingly close:

"It was a sad error of philoso-

phy, not less than a cruel measure of a mistaken policy, which in the days of the Reformation, threw down the minster with the rites which it was proposed to abolish. Blind and erring, with all their light and faith, were the spirits which could not separate the true and the beautiful from the false and metricious—which refused to spare what was wholesome and sweet, in consigning to havoc and flame that which was held to be impure and infamous. Surely, the great edifices which were sacred to external beauty, were guiltless of the profanation which was charged against those who were banished from their walls. They might have been purified—they should have been preserved. The glorious fabrics which had exhausted and absorbed the wondrous treasures of Gothic and Moorish art, upon which genius had toiled through weary watches—superior to its time—laboring for all time—surely these were guiltless of the infirmities and errors of those who possessed them. The mighty towers, the stupendous aisles, the fretted tracery, the light-mellowing windows, the elaborate carving—pillar and shrine, and altar, meek image and awful statue, and lovely, harmonizing groups of sainted men and worshipping women, and devoted children, and up-looking angels—surely these were sacred. Art, inspired equally by genius and religion, had consecrated them to God in the Beautiful, in noble imitation of what was glorious in the visible works of the great Creator of the Beautiful. What a sacrilege to destroy them! What blind hearts were they by which the blow was struck, the murderous fiat sent forth, the unholy crime consummated! What a mistaken sense did they have of religion, not less than of man—for religion en-

shrines the beautiful as necessarily as she does the true, and the most glorious distinguishing attribute of man is that he is an artist—he too is a creator of the beautiful!"

Rogers' Library.—The late Mr. Rogers' was, I believe, the inventor of those facetious titles for the backs of sham books, which are now familiar to the visitors of the Duke of Devonshire's Library, at Chatsworth, and, probably, other libraries. Many years ago, Mr. Rogers having determined to fit up the door of his library, in his house on St. James' Place, with rows of false book-backs, to correspond with the walls of the room, and to give to a person within the appearance of being enclosed on all sides with book-shelves, wrote out, in his own hand, a number of whimsical titles, to be placed upon them. Visiting his house, a short time after his decease, I noticed a few of these. "Junius Detected," appears on a shelf filled entirely with "dummies," bearing such titles as "Alchemy Made Easy," "The Circle Squared," "North-east Passage," "L'Homme au Masque de Fer," "Perpetual Motion," "Longitude Discovered," etc. Among the classics I observed "Cæsar's Epistolæ," "Orations on the Sea-shore, by Demosthenes," and other treasures, unknown to the learned world. There were also a long row of works by "Johnson," which he *might* have written, also, "Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses," "The Babylon Court Guide," "Antediluviana," "Sir Christopher Hatton (Gray's grave lord-keeper, who led the revels) on Dancing," "The Duos of Blondel and Richard the First," "Pope's Brutus," (which he intended to write, but did not) and "Collins' History of the Revival of Learning," (a design of the unfortunate poet, in which he never got

further than the ceremony of receiving £5 of the book-seller, on account of the future work.)

The late Thomas Hood, I believe, copied these for the Duke of Devonshire, and made additions of his own. Such titles serve, at least, the purpose of indicating the sham character of the shelves, to those who look into them, and are, at all events, preferable to real titles, which might lead to the appearance of a sham and genuine copy of the same work.—*Hooker's Adversaria*.

A VISION.

Often in fancy I behold
The dreary prison walls,
And one, a captive in their hold,
Whose courage never falls;

A man of calm and steadfast mien,
With melancholy eyes,
And face, wherein are plainly seen
The soul's serenities.

Lonely, a captive, weak and poor,
He liveth day by day;
His world is bounded by the door,
And that is closed away.

So living in that cheerless cell,
From day to day he wrought,
Shaping into a matchless spell
The marvels of his thought;

For he was of the Lords of Mind;
Imperial souls, that wield
All knowledge, ranging unconfined
Nature's exhaustless field.

That long captivity is past,
Those prison-walls laid low;
The world, as long as time shall last,
Cervantes' name shall know.

EDITORS' TABLE.

It is our happy privilege, respected reader, to offer you once more, the congratulations and good wishes of the season. *MAGA*, supported by your kind partiality into the twenty-second month of her existence, chooses to drop her impersonality, and, in the shape of a blooming, and, if you deign to fancy it, a blushing maiden of mature age. (*months*, in the existence of the tutelary genii of periodicals, correspond, be it remembered, with the *years* of our mortal life,) begs to introduce herself directly to your notice, with an expression of gratitude for past favours, and a modest hope that the future may witness their continuance! She has endeavoured to perform her duty according to the plan originally presented, and—unless her friends are egregious flatterers—these efforts have not been futile. To abandon the figure, "*RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE*" claims now to be considered, not as an experiment, but a success!

Neither Proprietor, nor Editors, it is true, are prepared, in mercantile phrase, to "retire upon the profits of the business," but still, they take pride in informing their friends, that there is no immediate danger of a writ of *Ca. Sa.* being issued on their behalf, a fact, of which—considering that the Magazine is far gone in the fourth volume—they may surely be permitted, with the utmost propriety, to boast! Invigorated by so satisfactory a reflection, we feel prepared to confront the labours of another year with renewed cheerfulness and courage. Convinced that our work is a good and patriotic work, we shall prosecute it, trustfully, to the end. What that end is destined to be, we do not presume to predict. The signs are not *always* encouraging. When, for example, we find a *southern* editor so reckless, as to affirm, in the words of a prominent Virginian paper, at present on our table: "it is notorious that the literature of the south is a disgrace to the Union, to say nothing of the south, itself," and to attempt a demonstration of the absurd assertion, by instancing the superiority to southern monthlies, not of those really

admirable northern works, *the Atlantic* and *the Knickerbocker*, but certain illustrated serials for fashionable young ladies, which shall be nameless, we may well exclaim against such "backing" of our friends! The example we have adduced of ignorance, and gross unfairness, is, however, an extreme one. Rarely have we found the better class—or, indeed, any class—of southern journals, so unjust to the literary *status* of their section. Our individual experience in this respect, has been most grateful, and we cannot permit the present occasion to pass, without again offering to the press of the south our thanks for the generally cordial, and hearty manner in which they have sustained our efforts, and introduced the magazine we conduct to the consideration of the public.

We have no intention of beginning the NEW YEAR by fulsome promises of improvement, or wearying the reader by a long array of the names of authors, the majority of whom never have written for us, and, probably, *never would* write! As in the past, so in the future, we intend that this periodical shall set up no meretricious claims, and be judged by no false and pretentious standard. We say, plainly, to the contributors who have hitherto sustained us, we are not independent of your labours; on the contrary, we never have stood more in need of them than at the present period! To subscribers, we may truthfully employ the same language; for, although, as before remarked, "*Russell*" is no longer an *experiment*, because, everywhere it is recognized by our people as, in a great measure, a representative organ of their taste, and their opinions, still, this very admitted fact of its success, may induce some to be lukewarm hereafter in their manner of supporting it. Such individuals are apt to argue: "our *personal* aid is no longer necessary to a work, now placed beyond the conditions of failure." We entreat our friends not to act upon this singularly fallacious idea. We require the utmost assistance of every one of them. Have the aspects of things,

literary and political, been so modified of late, as to justify any southern patriot in withholding, or withdrawing, his encouragement from any enterprise, which he believes to be an efficient instrument in the defence of the institutions, and the vindication of the intellect of his country? Rather, is it not indisputable that the events of every week and month are adding more weight to the proof which has always existed, of the need there is for the South to declare, and to attempt to establish, her literary independence?

Even what we *have done*, the monuments of learning and genius, already completed by the scholars and thinkers we claim as our own, are being daily and utterly ignored by critics, who can only give colour to an intamous theory of southern inferiority, by shutting their eyes to every demonstration of our mental position, or advancement; and whose decisions are accepted as the purest truth, not only among their own bigoted adherents, but in Europe—particularly in England—where northern depreciation of us passes unchallenged, even by a dream of doubt! Whether the question be moral, or æsthetical, we are called upon to submit to this kind of degradation! No pure, or vigorous, no beautiful, or sacred plant, can have its roots in the unclean soil of our debasing social system! Encyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, literary compendiums, are prepared, it would sometimes seem, with hardly any other purpose than the just and righteous purpose of convincing one section of the Union that the other section is composed of a population about equally divided between knaves and dunces! If the compend be a political one, Webster and Choate, or better still, Phillips and Sumner, are elaborately eulogised, whilst Calhoun, Hunter, McDuffie, Pinckney, and even "the illustrious southerner, whose mortal part reposes on the eastern bank of the Potomac," are as curtly and coldly dismissed, as a national public sentiment, not yet wholly sectional and debauched, will admit of. If the compend be purely *literary*, as in the case of Mr. Dana's "*HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY*," the south is as quietly ignored, as if an intellectual Sahara did, in reality, stretch from Mason and Dixon's line to the waves of the gulf that washes the shores of Louisiana! Moreover, there does not appear the slightest consciousness on the part of the men who thus act, that they are guilty of a deception as mean and palpable, as the most direct denial of a recognized truth!

Often, the falsehood (intentional and undisguised) is clothed with all the magnificence of typography, and entreats, as

it were, the whole world to take cognizance of its shamelessness. Again, and again, are we compelled to beg our people to take note of these disgraceful facts.

Once more we beseech them to look into this matter; once more, we say to them, strengthen our hands in this battle against fraud, injustice, insult and unmerited contempt; aid us in the struggle to preserve from alien, and ruthless sacrilege, the altars of our intellectual renown, and also to accomplish, whatever in our sphere is possible—to encourage the wise, the thoughtful, and the learned amongst us, to lay the foundations of new intellectual temples, too beautiful and stately to be defiled by the iconoclasts, who, pretending to worship freedom and humanity, are forever making and practicing a lie!

The putting together of rhymes that shall be tolerably harmonious and correct, is an easy matter; on the other hand, the construction of a *perfect poem*, however brief, is, even to genius, the product of time and care, no less than the result of "the divine impulse," more commonly known as "inspiration." We feel assured that the great majority of those poems in the English, or any other language, which are fitted to stand the tests of time and criticism, are *not* the first, rude transcripts of thoughts thrown off in the heat of creative enthusiasm, but the elaborated compositions of days, weeks—nay, perhaps months—of artistic labour. Many beautiful and touching productions, which, to the superficial reader, appear to be improvisations gushing unstudied from the heart, and subjected to no after revision, or modification, belong, in fact, to the matured efforts of the intellect. Even the *Italian* poets, whose language assumes so readily a metrical form, have been noted for the conscientious pains-taking bestowed by them upon performances, which would, doubtless, be pronounced by the ignorant, as trivial, and easy alike of conception and execution.

A remarkable instance of the correctness of these views, came to our notice recently. Examining certain back-numbers of the "*Southern Literary Messenger*," in the office of that venerable magazine, at Richmond, we encountered several of the early volumes of the work, which bore the marks of the editorial conduct of Edgar A. Poe. We found a number of his contributions in the body of the "*Messenger*," and among these, the first, unelaborated copies of many poems, which are now celebrated. It is very curious to compare them with his verses, as they stand at present, in all of the authorised editions of his works. Everybody is familiar with the rich, al-

most voluptuous melody of the ballad of "*Lenore*." It reads thus:

"Ah! broken is the golden bowl, the
spirit flown forever;
Let the bell toll! a saintly soul floats on
the Stygian river;
And Guy de Vere, hast thou no tear?—
weep now or nevermore!
See on yon drear and rigid bier, low lies
thy love, *Lenore*!
Come! let the burial rite be read, the
funeral song be sung!
An anthem for the queenliest dead that
ever died so young—
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that
she died so young.

Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye
blessed her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual then be read? the
requiem how be sung?
By you—by yours, the evil eye—by
yours, the slanderous tongue,
That did to death the innocence that
died, and died so young?

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let
a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may
feel no wrong!
The sweet *Lenore* hath "gone before,"
with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that
should have been thy bride—
For, her the fair and *debonair*, that now
so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not
within her eyes—
The life still there upon her hair—the
death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No
dirge will I upraise,
But wait the angel on her flight with a
psæon of old days!
Let no bell toll! lest her sweet soul,
amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up
from the damned earth;
To friends above, from fiends below, the
indignant ghost is riven,
From hell unto a high estate far up
within the Heaven—
From grief and groan to a golden throne,
beside the King of Heaven."

The first stanza in both copies is the same; but from the second verse, it will be seen that the "original" differs materially from the poem to which we are accustomed.

We have carefully written down this piece, not relying on a treacherous memory, but with the volume of the "*Messenger*," in which it first appeared, resting before us. Here it is:

II.

"Her friends are gazing on her,
And on her gaudy bier,
And weep—oh! to dishonor
Her beauty with a tear!

III.

They loved her for her wealth,
And they hated her for her pride,
But she grew in feeble health,
And they love her—that she died!

IV.

They tell me (while they speak
Of her "costly brodered pall,")
That my voice is growing weak—
That I should not sing at all;

V.

Or, that my tone should be
Tuned to such solemn song,
So mournfully, so mournfully—
That the dead should feel no wrong

VI.

But she is gone above,
With young Hope at her side,
And I am drunk with love
Of the dead who is my bride:

VII.

Of the dead—dead—who lies
All motionless—
With the death upon her eyes,
And the life upon each tress—

VIII.

In June—she died—in June
Of life—beloved, and fair;
But she did not die too soon
Nor with too calm an air:

IX.

From more than fiends on earth
Helen, thy soul is riven,
To join the all-hallowed mirth
Of more than thrones in Heaven.

X.

Therefore, to thee this night
I will no requiem raise,
But waft thee on thy flight
With a psæon of old days!

This latter poem appears simply to have foreshadowed the former. Even the metres, it will be observed, are different. That the author has greatly—wonderfully—improved upon his first copy, will hardly be denied by any reader of discrimination.

There is another poem by the same singular genius, which we encountered in the volume of the "*Messenger*" before alluded to, and which possesses much of the value of a complete original. But a few of its lines have been retained by the poet, and these form a portion of the verses on page thirty-four of Redfield's edition. The piece is called:

THE VALLEY OF NIS.

Far away—Far away—
Far away—as far at least,
Lies that valley as the day

Down within the golden East,
All things lovely—are not they
One, and all, too far away?

It is called the valley Nis;
And a Syriac tale there is
Thereabout, which Time hath said
Shall not be interpreted:
Something about Satan's dart,
Something about angel wings—
Much about a broken heart—

All about unhappy things:
But the valley Nis at best
Means, "the valley of Unrest."

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell,
Having gone unto the wars—
And the sly mysterious stars,
With a visage full of meaning,
O'er the unguarded flowers were leaning,
Or, the sun-ray dripped all red
Through tall tulips overhead,
Then grew paler as it fell
On the quiet Asphodel.

Now, each visitor shall confess
Nothing there is motionless:
Nothing save the airs that brood
O'er the enchanted solitude,
Save the airs with pinions furled
That slumber o'er the valley world;
No wind in heaven! and lo! the trees
Do roll like seas, in northern breeze
Around the stormy Hebrides—
No wind in heaven, and clouds do fly
Through the terror-stricken sky,
Rolling like a water-fall
O'er the horizon's fiery wall—
And Helen! like thy human eye
Low crouched on earth, some violets lie,
And nearer heaven, some lilies wave
All banner-like above a grave;
And one by one from out their tops
Eternal dews come down in drops,
Ah! one by one from off their stems
Eternal dews come down in gems.

"One great fact," says a modern essayist, "is apparent to the student of literary biography, viz: that the *majority* of those men who, from Homer downwards, have done most to exalt woman into a divinity, have either been bachelors, or unfortunate husbands!" Milton never wrote with more heartfelt conviction, more logical subtlety, than when he penned his elaborate treatise on "Divorce." Hooker, "the saint, and sage of English divinity," was (as a competent authority assures us) "married to an acute vixen, with a temper compounded of vinegar and saltpetre, and a tongue as explosive as gun-cotton!" Whitelock and Bishop Cooper stood in absolute bodily fear of the "viragos," whom, unluckily, they had taken to "bed and board." Dryden—who is "glorious

John," when we meet him in the rich domains of imagination and poetry, but unfortunate Jack, when under his own roof-tree—married, like Addison, a daughter of the aristocracy, and, like him, "spent the rest of his days in taverns, and repentance;" for, all the biographers agree that his wife—generally known as "*the lady Elizabeth*," (a Howard of the Howards)—was violent and capricious in temper, and weak in understanding. "She did not," says the Rev. John Mitford, in his excellent life of the poet, "share in the general admiration of her husband's genius, nor lighten the toils by which it was supported. She seems to have possessed neither sweetness of disposition, generosity of mind, nor attraction of person!" ARTISTS (at least, a great number of them) have been quite as unhappy in this respect as authors. Alluding to a portrait of Albert Durer, in the Gallery of Schleissheim, Mrs. Jameson describes it as "beautiful, like the heads of our Saviour;" but the expression is "tinged with melancholy," a proof that the great painter was then "suffering from that bitter domestic curse, a shrewish, avaricious wife, who finally broke his heart." In an old number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, a curious letter is quoted, written by Pirckheimer, upon the occasion of Albert Durer's death: "In Albert," he says, "I have truly lost one of the best friends I had in the whole world, and nothing grieves me deeper than that he should have died so painful a death, which, under God's providence, I can ascribe to nobody but his huswife, who gnawed into his very heart, and so tormented him that he passed hence the sooner; for, he was dried up to a faggot, and might no where seek him a jovial humour, or go to his friends. (After further reflection on this intolerable woman, he concludes, as Mrs. Jameson expresses it, "with edifying *naivete*.) "She, and her sister are not queans; they are, I doubt not, in the number of honest, devout, and altogether God-fearing women, but a man might better have a quean, who was otherwise kindly, than such a gnawing, suspicious, quarrelsome *good* woman, with whom he can have no peace, or quiet, neither by day, nor by night!"

GIORGIONE did not venture, like his brother artist, into the matrimonial noose, but a woman was *his* destruction likewise. She *was* "a quean," but not a "kindly" one, and her faithlessness killed him.

We might multiply illustrations but the subject is a delicate, perhaps, a dangerous one. No doubt, the solution of the difficulty is to be found in that exacting female vanity, which

can brook no rival where the affections are concerned—not even the ideal mistress—*Art!* When a woman really loves, her love is complete, intense, all-absorbing, and she is not willing to accept a half-way, or divided passion in return. *Hinc, illas lachrymas!* hence these tears, this petulance, these eternal protestations against the hardships of the marriage state, wherein the amount of affection *received* by the wife bears so small a proportion to the amount of affection given to the husband.

The New Orleans *True Delta*, referring to what the editorial critic of that journal is pleased to call the “clamor” raised at the south, about the omission of Mr. Simms’ name, in Dana’s “Household Book of Poetry,” says, there is, really, no just cause of complaint, at least, in this particular instance, because, to quote the critic’s own language: “Mr. Simms is not a poet, for he lacks the essential element of a poet—imagination. He has the wish but not the wing to soar. He is simply a tolerable verse-weaver; but he weaves with an ordinary shuttle. His is not the golden-threaded shuttle that flashes to and fro in the loom of thought.”

Had this assertion been put forward simply as a matter of *individual taste*, we should have ranked it among the thousand *nuisances* of opinion, which harm nobody—except the person who expresses them. But the editor of the “*True Delta*” is not content to speak for himself, alone. He states it as a settled, indisputable fact, that “Mr. Simms is *not* a poet; that he lacks the essential element of a poet—*imagination!*” Now, to those acquainted with the history of the various volumes of verse, thus summarily dismissed, such a dictum, and so expressed, must appear to be singularly impertinent. They are virtually required to believe, upon the bare assertion of a newspaper caviller, that a man, whose first elaborate poem was commended by Thomas Campbell—and whose subsequent works have been favourably reviewed (see the last volume of the “*Literary World*”) by such writers as Duychink, Whipple and Griswold—is utterly destitute of poetical genius!

Does the editor of the “*True Delta*” imagine that *his* opinion, unstrengthened by a single argument, unsupported by a solitary illustration, can be accepted in the face of the recorded testimony of critics, who (apart from their individual reputation) have honoured the public so far, at least, as to give them a *reason* for their convictions? But, we may be told, this is *not* a question to be settled

by authority! Certainly not; and yet, as the editor of the “*True Delta*” has chosen that mode of adjudication, we claim an indisputable right to produce counter-authority, and that of a kind to discredit his assertion, until he shall deign to support it by something resembling *proof*.

Meanwhile, the readers of Simms’ poetry, surprised, perhaps, at the information that the verses which were wont to beguile them into pleasure, “lack the essential element of imagination,” may be induced to reopen his volumes. They will encounter therein some old favourites—the “*Brooklet*,” for example, with its picturesque descriptions, and its sweetly meditative thought:

———“singing on its way,
Like some dear child, all thoughtless as
it goes
From shadow into sunlight, and is lost.”

“*The Traveller’s Rest*,” full of “serene and pure philosophies,” and distinguished by lines, of which Wordsworth, in his best mood, need not have been ashamed; “*The Autumn Twilight*,” which opens with a personification as bold as it is beautiful: “*The New Moon*,” which reads like a fragment of Beaumont and Fletcher; “*The First Dream of Love*,” a little poem, whose exquisitely musical expression aroused the enthusiasm of Edgar Poe; the Italian dramatic sketch of “*Bertram*,” and a score of other pieces, in which they will strive vainly to discover that “essential lack of imagination,” commented on by the editor of the “*True Delta*.”

We think it highly probable that these poems are, one and all, unknown to our self-confident critic. If so, we commend them to his perusal. We advise him, also, to be more discreet, in his style of enunciating critical dogma. Either he must reform in this respect or the present name of his journal, “*The True Delta*,” is apt to be looked upon as an exceedingly “barren” and uncharacteristic title!

“Our friend Greeley, of the *Tribune*,” says the *Petersburg Express*, “is getting to be appreciated. Long known as the champion of oppressed Ethiopia, and the chivalrous knight-errant of damsels, like Miss Lucy Stone, distinguished equally in journalism and in oratory, the editor keeps up the philanthropic organ in New York, while the *lecturer* is going about the northern States, in the old white overcoat, discoursing on all sorts of subjects, from free labour to “*Shakespeare and the musical glasses*.” But Greeley has lately appeared in quite a new character, that is, as one of the

"Fancy," and special patron of the "noble art of self-defence." Recognising him as such, the "Benecia Boy" addresses him the following letter, which has been declared *so-fist-ical* that it ought to appear first, by rights, in a sophistical newspaper:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

Sir: It is not my desire to intrude upon your columns with vain or idle boast, but having been compelled, much against my inclination, to enter the ring, I naturally wish to win in it a reputation by fair and manly fight. In a card recently published by Mr. John Morrissey, my late antagonist, in response to a challenge of mine, he states, in declining to take up my glove, that it is his intention to retire altogether from the ring; but, while he has written this statement to the papers, he has, both in Philadelphia and Albany, publicly stated that he could whip me. I, therefore, reiterate my challenge to fight Mr. Morrissey for any sum up to \$10,000, at any reasonable time he may name—a challenge which, if he has the spirit of a man, he cannot decline, after his recent vaunting. The challenge which I thus throw down to Mr. Morrissey, in case his prudence should get the better of his valor, I extend to the whole world. I am ready to fight any man in Europe or America for any reasonable sum up to \$10,000. I remain, with great respect,

JOHN C. HEENAN.

"In laying the above challenge before the world, the enlightened journal of the isms says that "it must be considered as fair and manly;" and proceeds to declare that

"The late fight between Morrissey and Heenan has by no means settled the question, as to who is now entitled to be termed the champion of America. Morrissey won the fight and the championship, it is true; but, as by the laws of the sporting world, the champion must maintain his right to the title against any valiant knight who shall challenge it, and back his challenge by a sum of money worth fighting for, and as Mr. Heenan *has* challenged Mr. Morrissey, and Mr. Morrissey has positively refused to fight him, Mr. Morrissey cannot be longer considered the champion of America."

"Bravo for Horace! We shall soon expect to hear that he has taken Heenan in training, for the battle which is to decide the championship of America. Aaron Jones has gone back to England in disgust, leaving Greeley to take his place. This latter individual will, no doubt, soon put the Benecia Boy on a vegetarian diet, carefully debarring him from the use of all exciting stimulants, such

as lager beer, tobacco and the Tribune's editorials, giving him in lieu of raw beef a sermon of Henry Ward Beecher, now and then, as something quite as crude, undigested and bloody, and making him, by way of exercise, trot up and down the Central Park, with some of the philosopher's heavy pamphlets in his hands. Then, conveying his charge to the ring, with Charles Sumner, Esq., as bottle-holder, (he, Greeley, not being equal to the administration of brandy,) the Tribune man will act as umpire, witness the triumph of Heenan, and come back to celebrate the fight in Horatian dithyrambs, in the columns of his lively journal. Fine programme, this! When shall the fight come off? An expectant and impatient world waits the momentous announcement."

"Know ye the land where the cypress
and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done
in their clime?
Where the rage of the vulture, the love
of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to
crime?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom,
the beams ever shine?
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed
with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gál in her
bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of
fruit,
And the voice of the nightengale never
is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the
hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may
vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in
dye?
Where the virgins are soft as the roses
they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East, 'tis the land of
the sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children
have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lover's farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear, and the
tales which they tell."

Every body is familiar with these spirited and musical lines, introductory to Byron's "Bride of Abydos;" but the following inimitable parody will probably be new to nine-tenths of our readers:

REFLECTIONS AT A TEA TABLE.

Know ye the land where the hot toast
and muffin

Are emblems of deeds that are done in
 their spheres;
 Where scandalous stories and hints
 about *nuffin*
 Now melts into whispers, now rise
 into sneers?
 Know ye the land where the liquids and
 cake
 Their circumvolutions consecutive
 make;
 Where Pompey's strong arms are op-
 pressed with Pekoe,
 And the air waxes faint with the scent
 of the sloe;
 Where malice produces its bitterest fruit,
 And the voice of detraction can never
 be mute;
 Where the tints of the story, the shades
 of the lie,
 In number though varied, in falsehood
 may vie,
 And the venom of scandal is deepest in
 dye;
 Where virgins of fifty strange ringlets
 entwine,
 In the fond misconception of looking di-
 vine?
 'Tis the land of the tea-pot, the realm of
 the way,
 Can we smile when we know what their
 votaries say?
 Oh! false as the curls of their ancientest
 belle.
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the
 tales which they tell.

In a thoughtful essay upon "American Art," the New York "Day Book" shows, that *at last* the most bigoted believers in American ignorance and barbarism, are compelled to acknowledge that the country they affected to despise, has proved itself capable of producing poets, historians and novelists of a very high, if not the highest order of merit. Everybody reads our American books *now*, and some of our writers are quite as popular in Great Britain, and on the Continent, as they are in the United States. We may instance Longfellow, Bancroft and Hawthorn, whose "Scarlet Letter," and "House of the Seven Gables," have been translated into almost all the languages of *civilized* Europe. But the maligners of our institutions are still wont to declaim upon their evil results; they still take a perverse delight in representing us as rude and boorish in manners, and as lacking in appreciation of art. When Rachel came hither, Jules Janin, the illustrious French critic, be-moaned her sad fate, in having to present the grand personations which had entranced him, and the polished audiences of the Theatre Français, before such savages as could be gathered together

in New York. Yet Rachel was more successful (pecuniarily) in the two months she played there, than during any other two months of her career.

For *musical* art, also, the barbarians have exhibited an astonishing degree of taste. They have spared no expense to secure the advent amongst them of such singers as Alboni, Grisi, Mario, and Jenny Lind, sometimes at the very periods when these great artists were most wanted in London, Paris or Vienna.

"We speak," the "Day Book" proceeds to say, "more of the opera and of music, because music is emphatically the art which, in this age, is most highly developed; its relations to the century are those that painting bore to the middle age, or architecture to one yet earlier; or sculpture to that of ancient Greece. The spirit of the time is expressed in its music; and that music gets its highest development in the opera. All the passion and intensity, the unrest, the hurry of the nineteenth century, get embodiment in music like that of the *Trovatore* or *Robert le Diable*. And this music it is, which is best appreciated here; which is most universal in its influence. Shall it be said then that Americans are insensible to art, or incapable of its appreciation? When our singers are heard on the most splendid stages abroad; when Miss Hensley, Lucy Escott, Mrs. de Wilhorst have received admiration from Italian, and English, and Parisian audiences, will it be contended that we can furnish no artists? When an American opera, Rip Van Winkle, is, even now, being played by English companies in England, and on our boards, we have had works like the *Leonora* of Mr. Fry, shall it be said that musical invention even is lacking among us?"

Music is not, however, the only field of art, or intellectual effort, where Americans have succeeded. In sculpture, there are but two modern names greater than those made for themselves by our countrymen, Crawford and Powers. Some of the best judges abroad have not hesitated to declare Crawford's genius more original than that of Canova; and if Thorwaldsen's works excel any yet produced by an American, they have not been equalled by those of any European. The pre-eminence of American sculptors is admitted; Thorwaldsen, himself, acknowledged Crawford's greatness; Powers' works are sought after by the *Mecænases* of Europe; and in this, the most classic, the most unpractical, the most ideal of arts, the practical, unideal, savage Americans bear the palm. They say we cannot produce painters; but the *Niagara* of Mr. Church, recently exhibited in London, extorted

praise from the most prejudiced; it was acknowledged to be a work of absolute genius. Allston and West, and some other earlier painters, it is true, are recognized in England; but no recent one besides Church; he, however, serves to indicate future possibilities. If one American has been inspired by the grandeur of his native scenery, others may be; the national character does not exclude such gifts.

The London *Athenaeum* is a journal of long standing, and of ancient *disrepute*! It is very handsomely printed, with clear type, upon substantial paper, and is disposed of at the reasonable sum of fourpence per copy. The *Athenaeum* may be considered as, in some respects, an English institution. From the fortunate morn of its birth, thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, (for the *Athenaeum* is an old boy) down to the present time, it has been conducted upon certain invariable principles of critical science. What these are, may be gathered from the testimony of Mr. Peter Mac Grawler, who—as every body knows—was the founder of the *Asinaum*, (corrupted into *Athenaeum*) which testimony is recorded in the veracious history of "Paul Clifford."

"Listen!" says that great man to his pupil: "Criticism is a grand science, and may be divided into *three* branches, viz: to tickle, to slash and to plaster; to slash, is, speaking grammatically, to employ the accusative, or accusing case; you must cut up your book right and left, top and bottom, root and branch! To plaster a book, is to use the dative, or giving case, and you must bestow on the work all the superlatives in the language; you must lay on your praise thick and thin, and not leave a crevice untroweled. But to tickle, sir, is a comprehensive word, and it comprises all the infinite varieties that fill the interval between slashing and plastering. This is the nicety of the art, and you can only acquire it by practice."

The "slashing" process, the "cutting up" of a book "right and left, top and bottom, root and branch," has been employed by the *Asinaum*—we prefer adhering to the original title—with singular vigor and success in the case of all American publications whatsoever. It has recently been severe, cruelly severe, upon Mr. Longfellow and Washington Irving.

A writer in the January *Knickerbocker*, doubtless, in consideration of this circumstance, among others of a kindred nature, pays his respects to the *Asinaum*, in an article of marked force and spirit.

"Who will say," he begins, "that so

well-printed a newspaper is not worth four-pence, when it keeps you informed as to current literature, and contains such long extracts from current works, albeit it is sometimes slashing, while in the tone and style of its papers you occasionally get the full force and manner, the smack and flavor of the true English literary *snob*? We have been latterly struck with its curt and insolent dispatch and disposal of American books, which had here been stamped with the genial commendation of men of letters.

We had the curiosity to examine its collected files for the last five years, to find out whether this arose from settled habit, or only from the accidental assumption of superior airs. It has been a course systematically pursued, and it is consoling, at least, to know that an undeviating impartiality has been observed, that all classes, high and low, the historian, the novelist, the poet, the traveler, if American, have fared alike at its hands. Indeed, its editors are to be pitied. There is a serious obstruction, a real difficulty to be met. When a Yankee author presents himself, they hang back, they reluct, like a disagreeable Englishman, (not of the higher orders) in the corner of a stage-coach, from whom the occasion extorts either an affirmative nod, or a negative grunt. But the necessity cannot well be helped. There is a pestilent perseverance about the Yankee. He will whittle his sticks all over the world. He will whistle his national airs while he scrapes out sulphur from a crater in the Andes, or (competing with some Englishman,) guano from Ichaboe. His yachts are in foreign waters, his horses are on English turf, and his books are in English markets, and on the *Asinaum's* table. He must, therefore, be decently met. His boats must be permitted to sail, his horses to run, his chess-men to move; and as for his books, "one" must, at least, try to read them, though it is disagreeable to say to such people exactly what "one" thinks, "ye kno." It is a hard and costly business at the best. The book is on the table. It need not be examined, but it must be criticised, beyond doubt. The tardy preface drags along with some remark about "trans-Atlantic cousins," or "Brother Jonathan," how he is thin-skinned, how he is given to hyperbole, about his pituitous propensity, his fondness for "fine writing," and that, so far, in letters, he has achieved nothing of which the type does not already exist. A gratuitous self-exculpation, a protestation of candor and desire to do justice, together with a few generalities, then pave the way for the review proper, which is bound to be distressingly severe. Our critic aspires to

be a Jeffrey on a small scale. THIN SKIN is excoriated, and his name is writ on water. Let him, however, be thankful for this: though his faults are studiously set forth, yet his enemy has not been so cruel as to *raise the laugh* against him. His derogatory criticism is altogether a serious job; his wits would hardly pass muster, his humor must be of the dry kind, for he is about as succulent as the ancient walking-stick which is hung up in Abbot's Egyptian Museum. The *Asinæum* can hardly be said to ridicule any one, for ridicule, even of the wickedest kind, implies some good nature at the core. The inbred malice which lurks under most of his diatribes, is not suggestive of a red-cheeked, fun-loving Englishman, but of a burly fellow forging his thunderbolt—*brutum fulmen*—over a porter-house steak, and a pot of beer.

"However, it would be fair to let Mac Grawler speak for himself a little, and we select without much choice. Here is a critique, beautifully concise, on a small, unpretending volume of American poems, the most of which, it is true, are inferior, yet among them a well-disposed censor might have detected a few of rare beauty. "We have found nothing to quote from in this volume, and scarcely know how to characterize it. A countryman of the author's would have no hesitation in describing it as a "sorter poetry, and a sorter not, but a darned deal sorter not nor sorter." A melancholy attempt to be witty at other people's expense! Let us assure Mac Grawler that he is ignorant of the dialect. There is a peculiar Yankee speech, of limited use, which consists less in forms and words than in cadences, tones, accents, and inflections, disagreeable to the refined ear, but difficult to be represented in print, and of which nothing can be learned from the pages of Cockney tourists, and not much from those of Samuel Slick. "Paps," however, if he were to come among us, and apply himself closely to the language, he might accomplish something, and think it worth knowing."

It is hardly worth while to multiply instances in this kind, since the rule of treatment appears to be almost invariable. The style is, usually, as follows: "This is too bad," or, "It almost surpasses belief that one should write such trash, but it is an insult to common sense, that one should be expected to read such trash." "It is written with blind inanity." And again: "This is a dreary book." There is always the same appetite on the part of Mac Grawler to write a slashing article about those who are at a very convenient distance to suit the purpose of Mac Grawler. His manliness is only equalled by his urbanity.

The men of a larger type, and more distinguished reputation, are partakers with the smaller fry of authors. Mr. Irving is deficient, according to this astute critic, on the score of *geniality*, and Mr. Bryant of originality, while Longfellow is still inferior to Bryant.

In a notice of the seventh volume of Bancroft's History of the United States, wherein it is modestly said, that "we miss the authoritative notes that lighted up the texts of the first volumes, and cannot but express our regrets that the author had not such complete access to papers, as would have given fullness and certainty to his work." The *Asinæum*, starting off at a tangent, indulges in the following piece of magnificent writing:

"Throughout the whole of the States, however divided by political language and sympathy, by questions of boundary and colour, there will, on that day, (the fourth of July, we believe) be heard, in each city and county, one unanimous speech, there will glow one confederate banner. From the eldest, to Minnesota and Arizona, the youngest born, from Indian Dakota, where the sun sheds an indistinct light on unassigned claims and encumbered estates of greenwood, to Spanish San Francisco, where it flaunts along the path of the ocean steamer, and flings gold dust into the eyes of helmsman and passenger," etc. Happy helmsman! happy passenger! But how the sun manages to fling this gold dust, is a question which we leave to Mac Grawler to decide. But to proceed with the quotation:

"In honor of that day, the wagon on the prairie will have its arch of leaves, the lumber raft, floating down the Mississippi, will attach to its pine mast a July flag, (what is a July flag?) the steamer far out at sea will hoist a garland at the fore, a motley population of all hues, German, Indian, civil and military, (will Mac Grawler inform us what are civil and military hues?) will make music on what twenty years were forest streets, and all along the thirteen thousand miles of coast, from every cape and headland, peaceful cannon will proclaim to the world a declaration of American independence."

Fine, swelling period, that! although a little tax upon the fancy of the reader to think of things so far apart and so dissimilar—a helmsman and a passenger on the way to San Francisco—a steamer out at sea, and a lumber-raft on the father of waters—those civil and military hues—besides thirteen thousand miles of sea-coast, and that proclamation of peaceful cannon! Let us congratulate our friends on the progress which they appear to be making in American geography, and upon their knowledge of the

sources of American history. Of the last, if Mr. Bancroft has any more volumes to write, we hope that he may avail himself."

A weekly journal, the editors of which have evidently been fascinated with the amenities of the *Asinaum*, and are determined to mimic, at a respectful distance, the amiable manner of that pleasing "organ," has been started, of late, in New York city. This recent critical authority is called "The Saturday Press." Its editors are T. B. Aldrich and Henry Clapp, Jr. The *Prospectus* put forth by these young gentlemen is a determined, and somewhat alarming, series of bold, uncompromising paragraphs, which have doubtless, frightened the literary world, and especially all poor authorlings, out of their wits! In one of the earliest numbers of the paper, we are favoured with some remarks upon the Hon. Edward Everett's Washington Oration, the substance of which amounts to this: that an address to which tens of thousands of intelligent men and women, in every section of the country, have listened with delight, is simply a tissue "*of tawdry commonplaces*," giving no definite idea of the man, or the times, which it pretends to portray—altogether, a gross imposition upon a moon-struck and benighted public—the exposure of which was reserved for the superior penetration of Messrs. T. B. Aldrich and Henry Clapp, Jr.

Mr. Longfellow, also, is perseveringly pecked at by these unfledged critical goslings. They do not regard him as a *Poet*; his merits (if he has merits) are superficial; and so, in this instance, as in that of Everett, the public have been egregiously mistaken! All honor to the Mac Grawler tribe! From present indications, we should suppose that the original PETER had proved himself a very successful family-man. Certainly, his progeny are asserting themselves emphatically on both sides of the Atlantic!

"One of the very prettiest bits of philosophy," says the Home Journal, "we ever saw, is the following abstract explanation of the commonly recognized fact, that on the road to Heaven the *ladies*, alone, are 'ticketed through.'"

"If we glance through the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we shall find that the most perfect forms of each division are not those through which it passes into the class next above it. It is not the horse or the fox-hound which treads on the heels of man, but

the baboon; it is not the rose or the oak which stands on the verge of vegetable and animal life, but the fern or the seaweed. Something is lost of the typical completeness of each class, as it approaches the verge of that above it. The same is true of man: it is not necessarily the most healthy and highly developed specimen, which is nearest a higher order of beings; and in the distinction of sexes, if man be the more perfect creature, woman is nearer to the angels."

The question is a good deal agitated, at present, whether the minds of women are essentially different from those of the other sex. On this point, the essayist from whom we are quoting, talks spicily. We extract a broken passage or two:

"When we see women urging their right to be attorneys, legislators and militia-men, we wonder sometimes that the other sex are so patient of their deprivations, and are so very slow to urge claims, which are surely as much founded in justice. Why have we not man's right to the nursery," by a lieutenant in her majesty's foot-guards? An Esquimaux gentleman once suckled a baby; it is but habit and neglected education which debars us all of this privilege."

"The truth is obvious enough: women, as a class, can no more become men than men can become women. Doubtless, there is for both sexes, a common ground of thought and intellectual activity, a common ground of moral sentiment, and a common ground of practical work. It is there that human nature assumes its most perfect aspect; and the upward progress of mankind will, probably, continue to be marked, as it has hitherto been, by an increasing assimilation between the characters of the sexes, and a closer approach to identity in their pursuits. But, because the happiest land lies on the confines, it is the more necessary that the one should not pass over to the other."

Our editorial corps has been strengthened, by the admission of Mr. GEORGE C. HURLBUT, as an associate, who commenced his editorial labours with the number for December.

The elegant scholarship and graceful style of our new coadjutor, have already attracted the attention of judicious critics, and, in welcoming him to our ranks, we feel an increased confidence in our ability to sustain the literary reputation of the journal.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Age, A Colloquial Satire. By Philip J. Bailey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The literary career of Mr. Bailey has been a remarkable—in some respects, an unparalleled one. It is now precisely twenty years since the publication of "*Festus*," a poem which dazzled the English reviewers into utter forgetfulness of the duties, or, at least, the conventionalities, of their office. The motto by which they had hitherto sworn, "we are nothing if not critical," was practically biotted out, and the members of the coldest-blooded "guild" on earth, were, one and all, seized, and carried off by a whirlwind and frenzy of enthusiasm. In looking back to the reviews of that day, we are surprised at the unconditional nature of the praise bestowed upon "*Festus*." Men of the weightiest judgments, critics of acknowledged taste and experience, spoke of the new poem as contesting the palm with Milton's "*Paradise lost*;" nothing, they said, like it, or approximating to it, in vigor of imagination, loftiness of ideal, magnificence of thought and metaphor, had appeared in Great Britain for a century and more.

Even Mr. Bailey's brother poets voluntarily came forward, and bore unanimous testimony to the super-eminent genius of the bard, who had suddenly and completely thrown them all into the shade. Ebenezer Elliott declared that "*Festus* contained poetry enough to set up *fifty poets*;" "I cannot trust myself," was the remark of *Tennyson*, "to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance!" "We meet here," wrote Horne, the author of "*Orion*," "the unrepressed power of imagination, the splendour of great and original imagery, the very passion of poetry!" The name of Bailey was in everybody's mouth, and his fame promised to be as permanent, and continuously brilliant, as it was sudden and unexampled. In the dedicatory *sonnet* of "*Festus*," addressed to the author's father, it was said:

— "Nor do thou forego
Marking when I the *boyish feat* began,

*Which numbers now near three years
from its plan,
Not twenty summers had imbrowned my
brow."*

"What!" exclaimed the public, "is it possible that this voluminous production, in which the strongest imagination is relieved by the play, and delicate grace of a fancy as charming as it is unbounded in the wealth of its resources—filled with the proofs of matured, extensive *recherche* learning; transcendental, but not obscure; metaphysical, and yet luminously sublime, in which the lightest sparkle of a lyric gush is followed by thoughts "too deep for tears," is it possible that *such* a work can be the offspring of the three years labor of a mere youth?" Whereupon, the public—being first satisfied that no fraud had been practiced upon it—fell into the very "extravagance," the fear of which kept Alfred Tennyson comparatively silent. Thenceforward it seemed indisputable that Philip James Bailey had secured a niche in the Pantheon of his country's genius, which no after modification of the critical decision could deprive him of.

And, truly, even at this distant day, with the demonstration before us of the retrograde movement of Bailey's mind, with the full conviction also, that he exhibits in "*Festus*" a disregard of all the "moral, religious, and artistical associations of others," it is not easy to peruse that poem unmoved.

The intensity of the writer's sensibility, the daring sweep of his fancy, and his invincible egotism, enable him to force the reader's attention, if not his sympathy—to extort his admiration, if not to command his respect, or convince his reason.

Considering "*Festus*," therefore, in connection with the age of its author, and making a natural allowance for the lawlessness of belief and the scorn of art, which are apt to characterize genius in what may be called its "teens," there *was* abundant reason to predict, from the evidence afforded by the work itself, that Mr. Bailey, when his char-

acter had been toned down by experience, and his intellect regulated by artistic reverence, would produce, or, at any rate, possessed the *capacity* to produce, a really great and consistent poem. But Mr. Bailey has disappointed everybody—most of all, his former ardent admirers—who, in the bitterness of their blighted hopes, are now disposed to do him less than justice.

The fall from the height of "*Festus*" to the level of a performance like the "*Angel World*," was an ignominious and disenchanting descent.

So far from the latter work's exhibiting an increase of resources, and maturity of judgment on the part of the author, it really seemed as if he had made a great step both backwards and downwards. The poem contains a few striking passages of isolated splendor of fancy but its parts are badly put together, its general plan (if it can be said to have a plan,) is incongruous, and there is much in it which impresses the reader as forced, and even whimsical!

Bailey's next publication was, we believe, "*The Mystic*." Of *this* we can only say, that no dark oracle of Greece, or Egypt, was ever more hopelessly obscure. It is a jumble of geology, theological casuistry, metempsychosis, political economy, Swedenborgianism and electro-biology! It is hard to believe that any man, in his sober senses, could have affixed his name to such a production. And, indeed, not long after its appearance, a report was circulated, and believed by many on both sides of the Atlantic, that Mr. Bailey, whose career had opened so magnificently, would, in all likelihood, end his days in an asylum for the insane. Fortunately, however, the "*Colloquial Satire*," the title of which heads our notice, is well calculated to correct this wide-spread, but erroneous impression. Whatever may be thought of the literary merits of the *Satire*, no doubt can exist as to the sanity of the man who composed it. Clear and vigorous, with an abundant show of practical knowledge, and sense of the kind usually called "common," the humblest intellect will not be overtaxed in its perusal.

The writer has introduced three interlocutors, *Critic*, *Young Author*, and *Mutual Friend*. The dialogue opens in an editor's room, in London, and is continued, without a moment's breathing space, through *two hundred and four* closely printed duodecimo pages.

The topics discussed are all but innumerable, while the *style* of discussion varies with the temperaments and opinions of the different speakers. The young author, we presume, represents

Mr. Bailey's own views; the critic those views to which he is opposed, and the friend is a sort of umpire between them. There is but little logical order or arrangement in the succession of subjects. They arise, and are disposed of in quite an irregular and hap-hazard way. Often, in fact, the sequence is arbitrary, if not unnatural and ridiculous. But this does not prevent the reader from perceiving, and being forced to acknowledge the frequent lucidity, depth, and comprehensiveness of the arguments employed; and the effective, though somewhat unwieldy nature of the wit whereby they are illustrated. To speak frankly, our own conviction is, that "*The Age*" has been greatly under valued by the reviewers. The ruggedness of the metrical structure, in certain portions, and the ear-splitting qualities of the double and triple rhymes, have disgusted those who refuse to look beneath the uncouth language to the *thought*, which, in some measure, it serves to deform. And yet, there are in this *Satire*, fragments of rhythmical melody, worthy the fine conceptions they embody. As the critics, with hardly an exception, have ridiculed and berated this volume, let us, in justice to the poet, extract a few passages, of a kind to prove that the genius which burned in "*Festus*," has not wholly lost the glow of its earlier inspiration.

Read, for example, the following apologue, in reference to the small critic, and the great thinker:

Within the sweep, once, of an eagle's wing
A wren was caught, as in a whirlwind's ring;
And having with the balance of her wits
Escaped, and a succession of mild fits,
During a sharp attack of in-door weather,
She carves a pen out of her last tail feather,
And sets up for a critic altogether.
And first, she must condemn the need-
less strength
Of such a bird, and his enormous length
Of wing, which truly stretched, from tip
to tip,
Farther than she dared hop, or cared to skip.
As a just model of the feathered tribe,
She begged her own dimensions to describe.
Her if aught more offended in particular,
'Twas that he bore himself too perpendicular,
The creature, when at rest, stood well-nigh straight
And upright; this was sadly tempting fate;
All which he, doubtless, now perceived too late.

No matter that his sires had always done so;

He ought to stoop, and should not have begun so.

To stand bolt up was an un-wrenlike mode:

'Twas worse, 'twas human;—this she oddly showed,

Beside, his beak was crooked; and his talons

Scarce fit, she feared, for fashionable salons.

His hue too golden was; his eye too keen;

His flight too far, too high; his flesh too lean.

His cry she heard, as of a rended sphere;

But it meant nothing to her tiny ear;

And then how different to that low, light twitter,

Which always sets her heart a patter-pitter;

As to his habits, she'd say nothing bitter;

Her nest, she knew, was never in a litter

With ram's horns, sheep-shanks, hare-skins, and old bones;

She'd rather win her bread by breaking stones

Than own, like him, a land-house and a water-house,

And make her drawing-room a private slaughter-house,

As his was known, from killing his own mutton;

But that weighed not with her a school-boy's button:

In her just estimate of mental powers,

We never find, she said, a match for ours;

And sneer, nor jeer, nor any hint unkind

One moment dimmed the mirror of her mind.

And lastly, though she knew his judgment weak,

And, for the future, begged he'd shut his beak,

She hoped he'd profit by her kind critique.

The eagle heard—and heard—and did not speak."

Now, this strikes us as being admirable. The line italicised

"His cry she heard as of a rended sphere,"

is, certainly, one of those sublimities of expression, which so well illustrate the difference between imagination and fancy.

Of an entirely different character, but equally good in its way, is the didactic passage which follows:

"——The thought should rise

In every step or stanza you devise,

Until the mind attains the loftiest view

Of that it meditates at first to do.

Look every thought thrice over, through and through:

Let every phrase be in itself complete;

Be firm in finish, perfect in your feet;

Give the fair vowels their preponderance meet,

And the alliterate sounds their repetition sweet.

But ere you aught let pass, take heed and note

Less how it reads right on, and how 'twill quote.

Oh, rather draw one sunbeam clear of thought,

One fine, thin radius—if not perfect, nought—

Than, like a rainbow in convulsions, scatter

Conceits, which have no kin in mind or matter.

Give simple themes like style. The vil-

lage may, Who field and thicket rambles rude—

as they— For wild flowers, which, inwove, are

round her thrown, Neck, arms, and waist, in one continu-

ous zone; Alike with empress on her jewelled throne,

Please each in proper place, please there alone.

Pure English is, in songs and lyric pieces,

Exactly proper, and their charm increases.

But grander aims insist on nobler style;

For willful beggary is always vile;

And to use nought beside the Saxon phrase is

To polish paving-stones and pot dog-daisies.

In lyrics, ballads, and in general rhymes

Avoid all involution; but, at times,

A just inversion gives a saying strength,

Adds to directness force, and grace to length;

The words turn back, and look you in the face,

Like gold-winged dragons, somewhat past their pace

By fair Armida urged, with haughtier grace.

Be clear, be simple, be to Nature true:

She hoards her beauty and her wealth for you:

And while whole heaps of sterling gold lie round,

None but the base would forge; yet such are found;"

In a higher strain, and as beautiful, we think, as the perfected pearl, from the history of which the comparison is drawn, are the lines below:

"As the poor shell-fish of the Indian sea,

Sick—seven years sick—of its fine malady,

The pearl (which after shall enrich the breast

Of some fair princess regal in the west)
Its gem elaborates 'neath the unrestful main,

In worth proportioned to its parent pain,
Until, in roseate lustre perfect grown,
Fate brings it forth, as worthy of a throne;—

*So must the poet, martyr of his art,
Feed on neglect, and thrive on many a smart;*

*Death only, may be, gives him equal right,
And nations glory in his royal light."*

But the pleasantest part of the Satire is just that part where it *ceases to be satirical*. We refer to the charming picture of a country home, with which the work concludes. And *whose* home, reader, do you imagine it to be? The poet's, of course! Ah! you are mistaken. It is the crabbed and savage critic, who discourses upon the serene family happiness which awaits him in the calm vale, by the banks of the Medway. There is a delicate artistic purpose in putting this description into the critic's mouth. We have not room to quote it here, but we commend it to the reader's attention.

The Southern Literary Messenger, vol. xxvii, No. 6, Macfarlane & Ferguson. Publishers. Jno. R. Thompson, Editor: Richmond, Va. [December.]

This number opens with an article under the exceedingly trite caption, "*Is Slavery Consistent with Natural Law?*" By James P. Holcome, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

It is an Address delivered by the author before the Virginia State Agricultural Society, at the sixth annual exhibition, and is a remarkable instance of the power which a man of vigorous talent possesses of investing the stalest subject with fresh and living interest.

Mr. Holcome's "Address" is a masterly treatise, rich in its illustrations, full in its learning, exhaustive in its argument, "upon the whole bearings and relations, jural, moral, social, and economic of that peculiar industrial system," to which the South owes her exalted place among the nations. His style, without being forced and ambitious—"without 'smelling too strongly of the lamp,'" is distinguished for rhetorical grace, and completeness; there is an air of scholarly refinement and finish over the whole performance, which imparts to the thought, intrinsically profound and truthful, an added and peculiar charm.

Seldom have we read an essay upon slavery, which seemed to us to unite so perfectly a catholicity of political view,

with the illustrative beauties of scholar-like attainment. The admirers of this article will, probably, be in exact proportion to the number of its readers.

The eighth letter of "*Mozis Addums to Billy Ivins*," continues, with much spirit, a series of comic papers, somewhat in the style of Major Jones' "Courtship" and "Travels;" not so clever, certainly, but still quite odd, and witty enough to amuse the general reader. The next prose article, that on "*English Surnames*," embraces, within less than three pages, a great variety of information upon a rather *recherché* topic. The author is evidently an antiquarian and philologist, who thinks that there is much more in a *name*—especially a "*Surname*"—than meets the eye. His illustrations are curious and valuable.

A large number of "*Selections and Excerpts from the Lee Papers*," is followed by a carefully-prepared history of "*Mason and Dixon's Line*;" an article written, not as the author observes, "because any particular interest is taken in the line itself, but because the mention of it is always expressive of the fact that the States of the Union are divided into slaveholding and non-slaveholding, into northern and southern, and those who live on opposite sides of the line of separation, are antagonistic in opinion upon an all-engrossing question, whose solution and its consequences involve the gravest considerations, and is supposed to threaten even the integrity of the republic!" As it is more than probable that, of the thousands daily in the habit of referring to this great dividing line, many know little or nothing of its authentic history—a paper succinct, lucid, and trust-worthy, like the one under consideration, possesses a definite value and interest.

The expression, "*Mason and Dixon*," became popularized, we are told, about the year 1820, when, during the excited debate in Congress on the question of excluding slavery from Missouri, John Randolph, of Roanoke, "was constantly harping on the words, and those words were as constantly re-iterated through every newspaper in the land." It is now somewhat more than ninety years since Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon ran the line which bears their names, through the forest as far as the then existing Indian domain, the tenants of which "forbade the further progress of chain and compass."

"An inspection of the map of the United States," our author goes on to say, "shows the boundaries, in most cases, to be either rivers, the crests of mountain ranges, parallels of latitude,

or meridians of longitude. In but a single instance has the circle, with its geometrical accuracy, been employed to indicate a dividing line of contiguous States, and the inquiry at once suggests itself, why the southern frontier of Pennsylvania was not prolonged to the New Jersey shore; why the eastern one of Maryland was not made to strike it, and why a circle should be the northern boundary of Delaware—the odd result of which has been to leave so narrow a strip of Pennsylvania between Delaware and Maryland, that the ball of one's foot may be in the former, the heel in the latter, while the instep forms an arch over a portion of the Keystone State itself—then from the initial point of the latitudinal line, near the circle, it stretches away to the west through field and forest, intent only upon preserving its course without being deflected by either the channel of a river, or the crest of a mountain. Climbing obliquely the summit of the Alleghenies, it turns its back upon the fountains which feed the Atlantic, and rushing down into the Ohio valley, stoops in its pathway to drink of the crystal waters of the Youghiogheny. Rising refreshed and with its eye fixed to the west, it hurries on, regardless of the intersecting line of a sister sovereignty, and stalking across the Cheat and the Monongahela, stops amidst the Fish Creek hills, within half a day's journey of the river Ohio, as if exhausted by the rugged route it has traversed, and unable to reach that great natural boundary recognized by every other State than Pennsylvania which its current laves."

A rather cleverly written "*Story of Blannerhassett*," comes next in the order of contents. The details are old, but the narration of them is pleasant and readable. We could have wished, however, that the writer had shown less of the common prejudice, in reference to the character and schemes of Aaron Burr. He repeats *en passant*, and with an air of profound conviction, many of the popular charges against this unfortunate man, even going so far as to quote the peevish speech of Burr's mother, that her son "was a *dirty*, noisy boy, sly and mischievous," as a remark which foreshadows his *after* character, "which shows the germs of the developed man!"

He attempts to give additional force to his stale denunciations, by extracting the most declamatory portion of Mr. Wirt's speech, on the occasion of Burr's trial—a speech which, as he truly observes, has been done to death "on many a school house floor," and which, for that reason, if for no other, the in-

telligent readers of the "*Messenger*" might as well have been spared the reiteration of.

The editorial department is, as usual, spirited and able. Decidedly the cleverest, and most note-worthy article in it, is the reply to the recent elaborate defence of the *Household Book of Poetry*, published in the columns of the *New York Tribune*, and, of course, prepared by the compiler of the book defended, viz: Mr. Charles A. Dana.

We acknowledge the receipt of the first two numbers of the "*Mathematical Monthly*," published at Cambridge, Mass., and devoted to the elevation of the standard of mathematical learning in this country.

The plan of the work embraces solutions, demonstrations, discussions in all branches of mathematics, notes and queries, notices and reviews of the principal works issued in this country and Europe, relating to any branch of the science.

The purpose of this monthly is one in the highest degree laudable, and deserves the encouragement of every one who desires the progress of real science in this country. It is well remarked, in one of the papers contained in the November number of the work before us, "that the number of those who study mathematics, merely to make immediate use of the degree of knowledge they acquire, is by far too great." The science is too noble for any such limited devotion, and deserves to be studied for its own sake. We are well assured that every requirement of thorough mathematical information will be supplied by this excellent periodical.

The numbers already issued are exceedingly interesting, among those papers which particularly attracted our attention, is one by Prof. Bond, on Donati's comet; one, containing a series of problems by Prof. Pierce; and one, illustrating the theory of equation of payments, by analogy with mechanical equivalents.

The *Mathematical Monthly* is published in Cambridge, Mass. by John Bartlett, at \$3 per annum.

The November and December numbers of the *New York Crayon* are on our table. This is the only monthly we have in America, which is solely devoted to the advancement, and exposition of ART. It has now completed its fifth volume, and, from the general testimony of competent critics, the work has been conducted with care, ability and good taste.

The editors have not made it so technical as to shut out the uninitiated from its columns. On the contrary, there are many papers in every number, which should be as interesting to the general reader of intelligence, as to the artist. Of course, a periodical of this kind cannot look for any large pecuniary success; an equivalent for the labour bestowed, its editors have a right to expect, and with this, doubtless, they would be satisfied. We are much mistaken, however, if their magazine is even thus far appreciated!

We have received the *twelfth* number of *The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries, concerning the antiquities, history and biography of America*, published by C. Benjamin Richardson, 348, Broadway, N. Y.

This is the favourite monthly of the antiquarian, to whose researches it must be an invaluable aid. The historical student, who is not an antiquarian, will also find it of great service, especially in those matters—often quite important—which your pompous annalist, puffed up with pride, considers below the level of *legitimate* history; a term which, as some understand it, seems to mean, a long detail of events, severed from their real, through often trivial causes, simply because the “legitimate historian,” walking through the centuries, with his august nose in the air, seeks after the said causes among the signs of the zodiac, when, in fact, he ought to be closely examining his mother-earth! * * * One of the most valuable departments of this magazine is devoted to “Societies and their Proceedings.” Among these, South Carolina, and her Historical Society, have always been admitted to an honourable place.

We have been pleased to find, among the late publications of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, a reprint of “*Thorndale: or, the Conflict of Opinions*,” by Wm. Smith, author of “*Atheism*,” and “*A Discourse on Ethics*.” Our readers may remember that some months ago, we devoted a considerable space to the examination of this work. We commended it as the production of a deep thinker, who deals boldly, but reverently, with many of the subtlest problems of life and society. The book (like all of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields’ issues) is handsomely printed.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.
Phillips, Sampson & Co. Boston. 1858.

We doubt whether a series of essays, containing so much of deep truth and subtle philosophy, as may be found in the disquisitions of the “Autocrat,” were ever before so generally popular. Their acceptance with the people is, of course, to be attributed to the style, and the delicious little story which binds them, as it were, together. Truth presents herself before us, with a smile of the raciest good humour, and even the occult facts of science are made charming by being clothed with a wit, which is as true and delicate as it is profoundly genial. In a word, this work is a benefaction to the whole country. Seldom has wisdom been adorned with so many sparkling jewels of humour, and attended by a lovelier train of pure Thoughts and bright-eyed Fancies, surrounding her like a bevy of woodland nymphs. “The Autocrat” is a permanent and brilliant addition to American literature.

Ticknor & Fields’ *Household Edition of the Waverley Novels*—noticed from time to time in our columns—has reached the *forty-fifth* volume. The last published tale is *Woodstock*. The novels now in press are *The Fair Maid of Perth*, 2 vols., *Anne of Geierstein*, 2 vols., *Count Robert of Paris*, 2 vols., *The Surgeon’s Daughter*, *Castle Dangerous*, *Index and Glossary*, &c. Undoubtedly, this is the cheapest and most elegant edition of Scott ever published. When we say the “most elegant,” we mean, of course, *for the price*, which is so reasonable, as to place the purchase of these books in almost everybody’s power. The charm of the *Household Edition* consists chiefly in the illustrations. Every volume is adorned with a number of steel plates, engraved in the best manner, after drawings and paintings by eminent artists, among whom are Birket, Foster, Darley, Billings, Landseer, Harvey and Faed. Moreover, the edition contains all of Sir Walter’s latest notes and corrections, in addition to new and curious literary matter, especially in *Guy Mannering* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*!

✂ We must particularly request the Correspondents of this Periodical, to direct their communications to “*RUSSELL’S MAGAZINE*,” and not to the Editors, individually.